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WHEN this issue of the New Republic reaches its readers, it is probable that the German Government will have made its decision. Scheidemann declares the peace treaty unacceptable. Ebert has said that its terms are irreconcilable with conscience and reason. Nevertheless the opinion is prevalent that the Germans will sign. They will sign, says the western world, because it will be worse for them if they do not sign. They will sign, said the western world, when the Russians hesitated a year ago at Brest-Litovsk, because it will be worse for them if they do not sign. The peace of Brest-Litovsk was sealed. But it was sealed with the deliberate intention on Russia's part never to keep its terms; the decisions it carried were never put in force; and it stands today an invalid document, useful only for the instance it gives of imperialism overreaching itself.

WHAT are the alternatives in acceptance or rejection? The Independent Socialists, led by Haase, are counselling Germany to follow Russia's course. Accept the treaty formally, they say; then give Germany a revolutionary government that will make the imperialism of the treaty the basis for a propaganda in behalf of world revolution. That was the Russian method. What is the other possible course? For Germany to reject the treaty, to accept Allied occupation rather than compromise on a violation of that peace which was promised in the Fourteen Points. This is a course not so welcome to the revolutionaries; it is the one that would be most helpful to the liberals in the rest of the world who want the treaty revised. But for the Germans it would mean the clapping on of the blockade, and all the suffering which that move would bring. Acceptance of the treaty, with a revolutionary programme behind the acceptance; rejection of the treaty, with consequent suffering and perhaps anarchy—those are the alternatives for Germany, and the rest of the world.

DURING the past week two international organizations have declared their disappointment in the peace treaty and the League of Nations Covenant. One of these critics is the central committee of the International Labor and Socialist Conference at Berne, including Huysmans for Belgium, Branting for Sweden, Renaudel and Longuet for France, and Henderson, MacDonald and Bunning for England. The committee criticizes the failure to include Germany and Russia in the League; the lack of restrictions on anyone's armaments except Germany's; the injustice of present boundaries in Poland; the handing over of Shantung to Japan; the settlement of the Saar Valley issue; and the disposition of the German colonies. "This peace is not our peace," says the committee. "The nations are still menaced by the policy of the victors in sharing the spoils without thought of the inevitable consequences."

CRITICISM of the peace treaty also comes from the Women's International Conference at Zürich, where Miss Jane Addams, Mrs. Florence Kelley and Miss Lillian Wald are among the members of an American delegation. The Conference has sent a resolution to Paris, protesting that the terms of the treaty sanction secret diplomacy, violate the principle of self-determination, recognize the right of the victor to the spoils of war, and perpetuate the rule of force. The Conference has sent a second resolution, one adopted unanimously, urging that food, credit and material equipment be sent to the people of Central and Eastern Europe who are suffering from famine.

IN England not only the Labor party and the London *Herald believe the peace treaty contains* a promise of future quarrels; criticism of the same sort is coming from sources by no means so far to the left. The London Chronicle thinks that the alliance between France, England and America means trouble. The Paris correspondent of the

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Westminster Gazette says that "the best comment on the draft of the treaty is that peace has been adjourned for fifteen years." And in the London Observer Mr. J. L. Garvin, by no means a radical, declares: "These terms give no fundamental solution to any European problem. They revolve in the vicious virulence of the old diplomacy. They repeat the fatal precedents which have always led back to war and made the end of one struggle the direct cause of another.....The English-speaking democracies, above all, will never mobilize and fight again for the arrangements which are proposed. If the contrary is imagined in Paris, then Paris is grievously misled."

THERE is still no announcement of a decision in the Adriatic. Can one be made, now, which will not leave bad feeling between friends? There are incipient quarrels all over Europe. The Rumanians threaten to leave Paris if the Peace Conference insists on making them divide the Banat with Serbia; Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, both allies, are quarrelling over Silesia; the Giornale d'Italia claims that in the settling of African questions England and France have knifed Italy; the Idea Nazionale declares that Italy must seek support elsewhere if she cannot get it from the triple alliance of England, France and America. These are not quarrels between enemies, but between ally and ally. They are the fruit of an imperialist peace. And they give first warning of the dangers ahead for those who will guarantee this peace.

ADDRESSING the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, President Wilson declared: "I have always been among those who believe that the greatest freedom of speech was the greatest safety." His hearers probably knew that one of Mr. Wilson's rival candidates in a presidential election, Eugene Debs, is now serving a fifteen years' prison sentence for exercising the right of free speech. Probably they knew, too, that the law which convicted Debs was put through Congress with Mr. Wilson's support. And probably they concluded that the Peace Conference made a wise choice when it officially selected Mr. Wilson to explain to the Germans how the terms of the peace treaty do not violate the Fourteen Points.

SOVIET RUSSIA has rejected the proposal that a neutral commission send her supplies of food. This will be interpreted as a sign of Lenin's strength, by those who want to see him hang on, and as a sign that he is slipping, by those who want to see him fall. Probably it is neither. The neutral offer seems to have been on terms that made it certain of rejection. In announcing the project, the Allies declared that if they were to be fed the Bolsheviki must "keep themselves within a circumscribed area, ceasing all military action and attempts at invasion." No similar restrictions were placed upon the armies opposing them. If the offer went to Lenin in this form it is not surprising that he refused it. Shrewdness counselled, and Lenin is at least shrewd.

THE armies opposing the Bolsheviki in Russia continue to make progress. Reports say that Admiral Kolchak has taken Samara, and is "about to advance on Moscow." It must be admitted, of course, that this is no small advance. Samara and Moscow are five hundred and fifty miles apart, measured by a straight line drawn on a flat map. Meantime, in the west, fifty thousand Finns are reported to be ready for an advance on Petrograd, which they captured two weeks ago according to cable dispatches. Distances in Russia are enormous; transportation is poor; news comes to us in the most unreliable fashion.

IT is hard to tell what the Allies expect to do in Hungary. The Associated Press says they have halted the advance of the Rumanian armies toward Budapest and invited Bela Kun to send envoys to Paris for the signing of a treaty of peace. These two moves certainly point to a recognition of the Bolsheviki in Budapest as the de facto government of Hungary. Until we have something more than cryptic paragraphs from which to judge, it is difficult to guess what has happened in Paris.

IT will be a disappointment, though not a surprise, if the progressive Senators fade away before the Penrose-Smoot-Lodge combination, and the old guard walks securely into the seats of power. It will be no surprise—because the progressive Republicans have no tactical means of using their balance of power. If there were a liberal and progressive minority, the insurgent Republicans might use their votes to destroy that seniority system which is the bulwark of privilege and reaction. But there is no liberal and progressive minority. There is only a company of Democrats—most of whom are as interested as any Republican in saving the seniority system.

SEVERAL reports from Washington say that Secretary Baker is about to come out in support of "universal educational military training." He will, it is said, advocate "the use of the military establishment as a medium for training the youth of the nation, first along academic and vocational lines and, as an entirely separate and subordinated feature, in rudimentary military science." We have reason to think that Mr. Baker does intend to support some system of training; but we hope it is nothing like this. The public schools, and not the hierarchy of the military establishment, are the proper authorities in whom to concentrate all academic and vocational education. The country may need universal military training, and want it, but there is no reason why the army's authority should reach to non-military instruction.

THERE has been a strike in Bethany College (West Virginia). All but seven men voted to leave school rather than accept the programme of compulsory military training which the President of the College had determined upon. The students went to their homes. Their spokesmen said that what they objected to was not the training but the compulsion. "I am sorry," said one of the College trustees (Mr. Kendall), "that the word 'compulsory' has to be used. I hope some day that someone will find a word for the one 'compulsory' that means the same thing."

IT would be a convenient discovery, and one, no doubt, which would please other people besides Mr. Kendall. But with such a solution the students of Bethany College disagreed. A second trustee (Mr. Balderson) said: "You

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boys and you young ladies know absolutely well you cannot run an institution or say what kind of discipline you are going to have. There is no such thing as self-government." With Mr. Balderson, too, the students disagreed. Bethany is a small spot; not too small, they thought, for the experiment to be made. Meantime a third trustee (Mr. Reno) supplied an element otherwise lacking by calling the students "Bolsheviki."

FORTY THOUSAND cloak-makers are on strike in New York. They ask a minimum wage scale, a 44-hour week, and a change from the piece-work system to a "week's work" or salary system. Cloak-making is one of the industries in which a long dull season gives the employers almost autocratic control over the labor supply. It is one of the industries in which the piece-work system, combined with a low wage scale, helps produce a genuine "sweat shop." Because the present demands of the strikers aim at both evils they deserve to succeed.

Peace at Any Price

IN their comments on the Treaty of Versailles the newspapers published in the Allied countries confine themselves chiefly to the expression of two sharply contrasted verdicts. Those which have vigorously supported the war praise the treaty as a document, which, however harsh its terms may appear to be, is defensible as a stern but just attempt to make the punishment of Germany fit her crimes. Those which did not support the war or conditioned their support on the fulfillment of definite political objects are equally uncompromising in their rejection of the treaty. They consider it a flagrant and perfidious repudiation of all the more generous, humane and constructive objects in the name of which the people in the Allied countries were induced to shed their blood and sacrifice their lives. These hostile verdicts attract to themselves the limelight of public attention, but particularly in this country we should not overlook the third state of mind about the treaty which is obtaining expression in some of the western journals. There are many of our fellow countrymen both in the East and in the West whose sense of justice and fair-dealing is outraged by the treaty, but who cannot quite decide to place themselves in open and uncompromising opposition to it. Their state of mind is analogous to that of those Americans in August, 1914, whose consciences were troubled by the wanton violence of the German invasion of Belgium, but who did not know how as American citizens they could assume effective responsibility for defeating the monster of militant imperialism.

To Americans who share this third state of mind, we should like to address an appeal. They are in danger now of committing a mistake similar to that which their fellow countrymen committed in the fall of 1914. During the early months of the war the majority of uneasy Americans compromised with their consciences. They usually became definitely pro-Ally in opinion, but they were mentally unprepared for war, and they considered it unnecessary to consider any method, short of an actual declaration of war, which would bring American political influence and economic power to the support of democratic Europe. In an analogous spirit Americans who are deeply troubled by the proposed treaty of peace are feeling for a way out which does not imply outspoken and uncompromising opposition. Just as four and one-half years ago they shrank from breaking down the traditional aloofness of this country from European political and military controversies, so now they shrink from parting company with their recent companions in arms. The bonds forged by their fight against a common enemy are hard to break. If they reject the treaty they are afraid of looking to themselves and to their European friends like quitters. They are longing for peace and are tempted to accept it at any price.

Yet if they connive at this treaty they will, as liberal and humane American democrats who seek by social experiment and education to render their country more worthy of its still unredeemed national promise, be delivering themselves into the hands of their enemies, the reactionaries and the revolutionists. The future of liberal Americanism depends upon a moral union between democracy and nationalism. Such a union is compromised so long as nationalism remains competitive in policy, exclusive in spirit and complacently capitalist in organization. Liberals all over the world have hoped that a war, which was so clearly the fruit of competition and imperialist and class-bound nationalism, would end in a peace which would moralize nationalism by releasing it from class bondage and exclusive ambitions. The Treaty of Versailles does not even try to satisfy these aspirations. Instead of expressing a great recuperative effort of the conscience of a civilization, which for its own sins has sweated so much blood, it does much to intensify and nothing to heal the old and ugly dissensions between political nationalism and social democracy. In so far as its terms are actually carried out, it is bound to provoke the ultimate explosion of irreconcilable warfare. It weaves international animosities and the class conflict into the very fabric of the proposed new system of public law. The European politicians who with American complicity have hatched this inhuman monster have acted either cynically, hypocritically or vindictively, and their handwork will breed cynicism, hypocrisy or vindictiveness in the minds of future generations. The moral source of the political life of modern nations remains polluted.

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The authors of the Treaty of Versailles are the victims of the blind interests and the imperious determinism of an inhumane class economy. They admit in private conversation the diseased nature of their own offspring. "Even conservative opinion in Europe," says William Allen White, "is frankly cynical about Germany's fulfillment of the terms imposed. They are too severe for Germany to live under for a generation. . . . They practically exterminate her as a nation." Why, then, did they do it? Why do they propose to terminate a war, fought in part to vindicate the sacredness of public treaties, by compelling the vanquished enemy to sign a bond which they know he cannot fulfill? The answer is not pleasant. They do this thing because they themselves are the unconscious servants of the cupidity and the vindictiveness which infect the psychology of an inhumane and complacent capitalist society. They crave at any cost the emotional triumph of imposing on the German nation the ultimate humiliation of solemnly consenting to its own abdication as a self-governing and self-respecting community. To satisfy this craving they are so far as possible depriving the German people by public law of the status of economic citizens with rights which other nations are bound to respect. Thus they are deliberately raising the question of working class solidarity. They are defying the community of interest and the feeling of brotherhood which unites the socially alert workers of all the European peoples. They are subsidizing the growth of class-conscious and class-bound proletarian internationalism dominated by the conviction of the incorrigible inhumanity of a capitalist national economy. They are demonstrating by example what a perfidious protectorate nationalism exercises over the common human interests of all peoples.

The Socialists are fully alive to this deeper and less obvious meaning of the treaty. They will flourish it as a complete vindication of the Marxian dogma that, as long as capitalism prevails, war necessarily operates as the instrument of class aggrandizement and popular exploitation. The treaty proposes the exploitation of the German people only, but an international organization whose chief object it is to profit by the exploitation of a subject people can survive only through the exploitation and deception of its own workers. The treaty is, consequently, greeted as a declaration of a class war by organized society against the proletariat of all nations. It is condemned as a final exposure of the hypocrisy and inhumanity of a national economy. Hitherto, in spite of all their propaganda and of the grievances of the wage-earning class, the Socialists have never persuaded the workers to believe in the need of a class war, or to undermine the popular confidence in nationalism. Now, as they believe, their class enemies have provided them with an unanswerable demonstration, and they are looking forward jubilantly to the inevitable revolution. The New York Nation announces confidently that all recent political and social convulsions are only "the preliminaries of the great revolution to whose support the friends of freedom must now rally everywhere."

In our opinion the Treaty of Versailles subjects all liberalism and particularly that kind of liberalism which breathes the Christian spirit to a decisive test. Its very life depends upon the ability of the modern national state to avoid the irreconcilable class conflict to which, as the Socialists claim, capitalism condemns the future of society. In the event of such a conflict, liberalism is ground, as it is being ground in Russia, between the upper and lower millstones of reaction and revolution. The treaty in so far as it commits the national democracies to a permanent policy of inhumane violence does weave this conflict into the fabric of international law. It is the most shameless and, we hope, the last of those treaties which, while they pretend to bring peace to a mortified world, merely write the specifications for future revolution and war. It presents liberalism with a perfect opportunity of proving whether or not it is actually founded in positive moral and religious conviction. If a war which was supposed to put an end to war culminates without strenuous protest by humane men and women in a treaty of peace which renders peace impossible, the liberalism which preached this meaning for the war will have committed suicide. That such a protest on the part of national liberals may not have much immediate success in defeating the ratification of the treaty is not essential. The Treaty of Versailles, no matter under what kind of compulsion it is ratified by the nations, is impossible of execution and will defeat itself. But it is essential that the ratification should not take place with the connivance of the sincerely liberal and Christian forces in public opinion. For in that event national liberalism in the Allied countries will be following the example and inviting the fate of national liberalism in imperial Germany. It will become the dishonored accomplice of its own downfall. It will abandon society to an irresistible conflict between the immoral and intransigeant forces of Junkerism and revolutionary socialism.

The calamity of the war descended on the western nations because of the existence of one crying weakness in western civilization. The organized Christian nations could never agree upon an effective method of subordinating the exercise of political and economic power to moral and humane purposes. Many liberals have hoped that at the end of the war the enlightened conscience of the western people would arise and exert itself to cure

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this weakness. The Treaty of Versailles is damned because it does nothing to moralize the future exercise of political and economic power. On the contrary, it conceives the victors who exercise the power as possessing only rights and the vanquished who have lost the power as possessing only duties. The powerful are permitted to abuse it as much as they please, and, in their relations to the defeated Hungary, Austria, Russia and Germany they are encouraged and licensed to abuse it. The past sins of the Hungarian and German ruling classes afford no justification for such a convenient and drastic system of future discrimination. Those who will not subordinate the exercise of power to rules of impartial justice sacrifice their moral right to inflict punishment. The treaty does not embody either the spirit or method even of punitive justice. What it does embody and strain to the breaking point is the pagan doctrine and spirit of retaliation. What it treats with utter ignorance is the Christian doctrine of atonement and redemption. At a crisis in the history of civilization, the rulers of the victorious Christian states conclusively demonstrate their own contemptuous disbelief in the practical value of Christian moral economy.

Just as the acceptance of the Treaty of Versailles without protest will undermine the moral foundation of nationalism and menace civilization with an uncontrollable class conflict, so its defeat or discredit will clearly and emphatically testify to a formative connection between religion and morals and economics and politics. It would begin the cure of the spiritual anarchy in western civilization which the recent war and the proposed peace both exemplify. It would constitute the first step in the moral preparation of the western democracies for a League of Nations. For the possibility of any vital League of Nations does not depend, as so many liberals seem to suppose, on the ratification of the treaty. It depends on the rejection of the treaty. The League is not powerful enough to redeem the treaty. But the treaty is vicious enough to incriminate the League. It would convert the League into the instrument of competitive imperialist nationalism whose more disinterested members would labor in vain to mould it into a cooperative society. Liberal democrats cannot honestly consent to peace on the proposed terms. If it was wrong when confronted by the imperialist aggression of Germany to tolerate peace by conniving at such an attack, it is equally wrong when confronted by a treaty which organizes competitive imperialism into an international system to pay so high a price for the ending of the war. This above all others is the time and the occasion to repudiate the idea of peace at any price, to reject immediate peace at the price of permanent moral and economic warfare.

For a Fresh Start

LIBERALISM lost the peace. That is triumphantly proclaimed by the reactionaries. There are no fantastic ideals, they point out, in the Peace of Paris. It is the same kind of peace as the peace concluded after any war of older time, a peace of spoils to the victor, woe to the vanquished, and all the spoils and woe that the traffic will bear, or more. Nor do the liberals read any other meaning in the peace. The congenital optimists among them take some consolation in the thought that it is better than a German peace would have been. That is, better than the most horrible thing conceivable. They force themselves to believe that the League may operate to mitigate the brutalities of the treaty from which the League springs, as the virtuous daughter in melodrama reforms the manners and morals of her villainous father. This is said to be the refuge to which President Wilson has betaken himself. It is better than nothing.

But men who are willing to face the facts recognize that we are entering upon a new era under most ominous auspices. Where the treaty healed one sore it opened two. National minorities under alien dominion have been multiplied by it. The open door in the former German colonies under the mandatory system is more than counterbalanced by the closed door in Morocco and the door virtually closed in Shantung. The destruction of German militarism is offset by the intensified militarism imposed upon those of the Allies whose duty it is to hold Germany by the throat through a generation or more. The extinction of the German practice of "peaceful penetration" is attended by the launching of an even more invidious policy of international competition, the deliberate suppression of a rival's economic efficiency. We have put the economic future of Germany into the hands of a Reparations Commission which, as William Allen White expresses it, "is a legislative guardian of Germany in her interior affairs, in her foreign commercial relations and in her industrial development." "Shall Germany be allowed enough coal to grow and develop industrially? If so, how far shall her development proceed, to a point where she shall invade the trade of England? Or, if to a lesser point, just where shall Germany's industrial development stop? These are questions for the Reparations Commission to decide as a legislature. Others of like nature suggest themselves, such as the rights of Germany to export in competition with the Allies."

This, we submit, is to inject a new and dangerous element into the rank brew of international commercial relations. Before the war the American and British exporters to Latin America naturally tried to make all the money they could. They had

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to sell at low prices partly because of German competition. That was embarrassing, perhaps, to Anglo-Saxondom but good for Latin America. But now it lies in our power to exclude German competition altogether. How will Latin America relish that condition? Perhaps, however, America and England will fall into a furious competition between themselves, and thus continue to offer cheap goods to Latin America. But would not the resultant friction between England and America be a proper subject for inquiry and recommendation by the Council of the League? No doubt the Council would decree a gentlemen's agreement. Or, to put another highly probable possibility, suppose that the Reparations Commission, in the interests of British trade, prevented Germany from competing in the American market. How would our consuming public feel about a monopoly granted by an international body to a foreign nation? The inevitable international suspicion would provide the League with work quite commensurate with its abilities.

The League may have sufficient strength to cope with the causes of strife in the peace treaty or it may not. What is plain is that no one who recognizes that the fate of western civilization depends upon a stable peace and a harmonious international order can rest for a moment content with the outcome of the transactions at Paris. It is time to prepare for a fresh start in international politics. And that involves a fresh start in domestic politics as well. It is impossible to achieve anything worth while internationally with such instruments as Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Orlando and Wilson. The first three are part of the old order that accepted war and conquest as natural, necessary and on the whole salutary phenomena. Wilson, to be sure, did catch the spirit of the peoples demanding an end to a state of things in which the killing or maiming of half the manhood of a great nation was possible. But he preferred the lone hand to the effort of building up an informed and energetic public opinion in America to back him up. Perhaps he was temperamentally unfitted for any other role than that of mouthpiece for sentiments real enough but unorganized and therefore politically impotent. There will be explanations cogent enough for Wilson's failure. The one secure conclusion that history will draw is that a liberal democrat at large is not an adequate instrument of democracy.

But the forces that the statesmen at Paris flouted are alive and growing. The British Labor party is steadily advancing toward power; the French Socialists are rapidly gaining in self-consciousness and self-control. We in America have no democratic forces in so advanced a condition of organization. Our political traditions have left us pretty much at the mercy of the two great parties, both visionless. But there is a stirring in the world of labor, and the farmers are acquiring political consciousness. We have in the miraculous growth of Progressivism in 1912 proof that there is an abundance of democratic spirit latent in us. When it comes to be realized generally that our representatives in Paris have accomplished nothing toward the abatement of the risk of another world war more terrible than the last, we may have a political awakening that will bring us abreast of the British and French democracies.

And with labor actually sharing in the responsibilities of government, helping to direct the course of legislation, there will be a fair chance of reshaping international affairs to the reduction of the risk of war. Labor is no more inherently pacifistic than any other class, but it does not easily fall into the illusion that the chief interest of a people lies in securing commercial monopolies and concessions, or in interfering with the natural economic development of other peoples. Labor recognizes that nine-tenths of its interests lie in the domestic field, and that war, while it may force sporadic concessions to labor and create a fictitious prosperity for those not called upon for service in the field, is an exhausting drain upon the working class as a whole and a check upon orderly progress. Labor may be no more cosmopolitan in its instincts than any other class, but it is far less susceptible than capital to international jealousy. German labor was not jealous of the prosperity of American or British labor before the war; German capital was intensely jealous of the prosperity of American and British capital. British and American labor today are not demanding that German labor should languish in perpetual poverty. British and American capital would gladly prevent German capital from ever recovering its footing. The difference between a League of Nations in which each member is controlled by captains of industry and their satellites and one in which each member is partly controlled by labor is the difference between a community of individuals naturally inclined toward peace and a community of turbulent feudists. In neither case can the peace be kept without organization, but in the latter case any organization is bound to break down at intervals.

If there is any hope for a tolerable international order it lies in the rise of a party dominated by the workers. But is this not tantamount to invoking the revolution? For some reason, explainable by the psychologists, popular political science dearly loves antitheses. If not Wilson, then Lenin, was a current phrase not long ago. There was a third possibility, Clemenceau, and that was what we got. If not capitalistic rule, then socialism. Why?

A Labor party powerful enough to contest with

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other parties the actual control of administration would inevitably produce a marked effect upon our legislation. It might close up some avenues of profit, but not so many as are closed by the blockades and embargoes of war. It might levy taxes for the maintenance of social welfare institutions, but they would rest easily in comparison with war taxes. It might modify the distribution of wealth, but not so radically as does war. And assume, if you can be content with nothing but extremes, that labor rule would lead to universal confiscation. What will the next world war lead to, if we must have a next war? There is no reason, however, for insisting on any such assumption. The only party in the world that has made any contribution in recent years to the stock of moderate and sane political doctrines is the British Labor party.

A tremendous responsibility rests upon the leaders of the working class: to form a powerful political organization to defend the interests of the class and to establish a sound basis for international organization. It is a responsibility they owe not only to their own class but to the whole of society, which stands now, as it stood five years ago, in danger of a conflagration that may sweep away everything men value.

Mr. Wilson and his Promises

SINCE there appear to be a scattering of people left who think that the Treaty of Versailles executes the agreement in the armistice, it may be not altogether useless to examine the matter. There are not many such people to be sure, and they grow scarcer every day. The New York World after one rather hesitating attempt to square Mr. Wilson's words and deeds gave it up, and has devoted itself to the Senate and the Germans. The New York Evening Post also took a shot at it, but after a little further consideration, has devoted itself ever since to proving that the Covenant can repair whatever damage has been done, that the treaty is merely a preliminary treaty, and that the "peoples" (quotation marks the Post's) can rewrite it at leisure. Papers like the New York Tribune, which have always frankly disbelieved in Wilsonism, are honestly pleased at the triumph of their own ideas. They may well be. If betting on the winner is an achievement, those who have thought with the Tribune in America and the Morning Post in London may be well content. But if carrying out your pledged word is the first test, and the making of a stable peace is the real interest of America, then none of us has any ground for complacency.

At the risk of boring everyone, we must recall that the signing of the armistice was preceded by the transmission of a memorandum from the Allied governments stating that:

> "Subject to the qualifications which follow they declare their willingness to make peace with the Government of Germany on the terms laid down in the President's address to Congress of January 8, 1918, *and the principles of settlement enunciated in the subsequent addresses.*"

The two qualifications concerned Clause 2 of the Fourteen Points, on the "freedom of the seas," and the matter of reparations: "By it they understand that compensation will be made by Germany for all damage done to the civilians of the Allies and their property by the aggression of Germany by land, by sea and from the air."

On the terms of peace laid down in the address of January 8, 1918, and the principles of settlement enunciated in the subsequent addresses. Obviously it is not enough to check off the Fourteen Points one by one and see how the score stands. Can anyone doubt that what that means is this: Wherever the Fourteen Points give specific terms they are to be applied specifically; where they are not specific, terms are to be arranged on the basis of the principles laid down in the subsequent addresses.

I. If the treaty is published before it is signed it may with charity be described as an open covenant of peace openly arrived at. The project of a triple alliance between France, Great Britain and America is certainly a "private international understanding" and there were to be none of these. This is abundantly clear in the Third Principle of Settlement laid down in the "subsequent address" of September 27th which says flatly "there can be no league or alliances or special covenants and understandings within the general and common family of the League of Nations." If it is claimed that "no private international understandings" means no "secret" ones then there is a loophole under Clause 1 of the Fourteen Points but not under Principle No. 3 of the address of September 27th. So far as secret understandings go they have prevailed in the treaty—viz. Japan in Shantung, but Mr. Wilson might claim that the era of no secret treaties was to begin only after the treaty which ends this war.

II. The question of maritime law was excepted in the armistice.

III. The removal of economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions is confined to nations "consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance." Presumably Germany is to be regarded as a nation forced to consent to the peace but not associated for its maintenance. This may sound like a joke but it isn't. Being excluded from the League, Germany is perhaps not associated for its maintenance,

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therefore the promise of equality of trade conditions does not apply to her. That is why Germany must without reciprocity keep down her tariffs and give the Allies special privileges over her railroads, waterways and ports.

The question is whether Germany under the accepted programme was to be admitted to the League. Clause 14 speaks of a "general association of nations," certainly not an Allied and Associate association of nations. So we turn to a subsequent address and of course the last before the armistice because this must represent the most subsequent of the subsequent principles. "And, as I see it, the constitution of that League of Nations and the clear definition of its objects must be a part, in a sense the most essential part, of the peace settlement itself. It cannot be formed now. *If formed now* [that is while war was still being fought] *it would be merely a new alliance confined to the nations associated against a common enemy.*" Now either the war is still being fought, in which case the League should not be formed now, or the League is merely a new alliance. Yet just preceding this statement of Mr. Wilson's there is another which might be offered in extenuation: "For Germany will have to redeem her character not by what happens at the peace table but by what follows." What does this mean? It was spoken before the German revolution, while the Kaiser was still on his throne, and Ludendorff still in the saddle. Did Mr. Wilson mean that he might conclude peace with them, but that if he did he could not trust them? "The German people must by this time be fully aware that we cannot accept the word of those who forced this war upon us." (September 27th) "But it is necessary that we should know whom her spokesmen speak for when they speak to us, whether for the Reichstag majority or for the military party and the men whose creed is imperial domination." (January 8th) "The arbitrary power of the military caste of Germany which once could secretly and of its own single choice disturb the peace of the world is discredited and destroyed." (Address of November 11th. Not technically a "subsequent address" but presumably consistent with the rest of the President's thought) . . . "The nations of the world do not and cannot trust the word of those who have hitherto been the masters of German policy, and to point out once more that in concluding peace and attempting to undo the infinite injuries and injustices of this war the Government of the United States cannot deal with any but veritable representatives of the German people who have been assured of a genuine constitutional standing as the real rulers of Germany." (October 24th). Without spinning the matter too finely it is surely fairly obvious that the President intended to form a League with a republican Germany, and in that League she was to be assured equality of trade conditions when she had consented to the peace and associated herself for its maintenance.

IV. In the matter of armaments "adequate guarantees" were to be given and taken. They have been taken and not given.

V. Colonial claims were to be freely, openly, and absolutely impartially adjusted. Granting that Germany's behavior in German Southwest Africa was wretched, and that Japan's, the Union of South Africa, Australia, France and Britain's are by contrast good, the settlement may be taken as not flagrant.

VI. Russia. This clause is unreadable now.

VII. Belgium. Probably complied with, except that the cession of territory was never included. This cession has, however, the justification of dealing with Walloon territory and with a mixed population where there are to be plebiscites.

VIII. Alsace Lorraine is reannexed to France. The political control of the Saar Valley is expressly excluded from dispute by the naming of "the wrong done in 1871." It is a clear violation of a solemn contract. The "restoration of the invaded portion" of France is defined in one of the qualifications of the armistice. The seven categories of damages, with the exception of pensions and separation allowances, fall within the obligation. Germany's duty to make reparation is perfectly plain. Where the treaty breaks down is that, in addition to this, it gives the Allies a dictatorship over the industrial system out of which Germany is to pay. This was never stipulated, and is the fundamentally vicious thing in the whole treaty. By signing away Germany's economic independence, the principle enunciated in the subsequent addresses is torn to shreds: "There can be no special, selfish economic combinations within the League and no employment of any form of economic boycott or exclusion *except as the power of economic penalty by exclusion from the markets of the world may be vested in the League of Nations itself as a means of discipline and control.*" The penalty is applied, and it is vested in Great Britain and France, not in the League. The difference is that the League would presumably formulate rules for its exercise, whereas France and Great Britain are free to act on their private interest and at their discretion. "What we seek is the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind." (July 4th). What we have got is a dictatorship of France and Great Britain in the commercial life of the eastern hemisphere. No rule of law under the League binds them.

IX. The readjustment of the frontiers of Italy "along clearly recognizable lines of nationality."

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Completely abandoned in the Upper Adige for strategic reasons. No decision as to the rest.

X. The peoples of Austria-Hungary . . . . accorded the freest opportunity of autonomous development. This was amended, justly, *before the armistice,* to read as follows: Because of the recognition of the Czecho-Slovak National Council and the aspirations of the Jugoslavs the President is "no longer at liberty to accept a mere 'autonomy' of these peoples as a basis of peace, but is obliged to insist that they, and not he, shall be the judges of what action on the part of the Austro-Hungarian government will satisfy their aspirations . . ." They, not he. On the basis of this, German Austria is forbidden to unite with Germany if she desires. The Germans of Bohemia are annexed without plebiscite to Czechoslovakia and the Germans of the Upper Adige to Italy. "The impartial justice meted out must involve no discrimination between those to whom we wish to be just and those to whom we do not wish to be just." (September 27th).

XI. The Balkan States. No decision as yet published.

XII. Turkey. All that is now known is the giving to Greece of a mandate over Smyrna. Assuming that the boundaries are fairly delineated this is in accordance with principle and is as desirable as any solution yet proposed.

XIII. A Polish state to "include territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations" and with free and secure access to the sea. Until we know the exact boundaries no final judgment is possible.

XIV. "A general association of nations." This depends upon how you define the word "general." Its probable meaning is discussed under III.

So far as Germany is concerned the major violations are:

1. Exclusion from the League.
2. The Saar.
3. One-sided disarmament, unaccompanied by "adequate guarantees given" as well as "taken."
4. The application of the principle of self-determination to non-German territory in Germany and its refusal to the Germans of Bohemia, Austria, and the Upper Adige.
5. But supremely the surrender of her economic independence, and the setting up of a commercial dictatorship of two Powers limited by no definite rule of law.
7. The fact that the sum of these violations illustrates the principle that we have discriminated between those to whom we wish to be just and those to whom we do not wish to be just. (First principle, September 27th "stated authoritatively as representing this government's interpretation of its own duty with regard to peace.")

The retort that Germany as victor would have done worse is of course an insult to every honorable man in the Allied world. Whoever employs it to justify the wrongs of this treaty "has adopted the standards of the enemies of his country, whom he affects to despise." (July 27th).

This discussion has been carried far enough to make it abundantly plain that if this treaty is to be defended every candid man must preface his argument by saying: "It is not the peace which the President speaking for the Allied and Associated governments promised to make. For reasons of state, for higher reasons if you please, in the interests of a greater justice perhaps, we have scrapped whatever part of that promise might conceivably lessen the punishment of Germany." That is plain speaking at least, and, having spoken plainly, our next business is to study this so-called strong peace to see, not whether it fulfills our pledges, but whether it has the strength which endures or merely the strength which blows up everything within reach. The Paris Conference having made a clean get away from the business of idealism, the American people will, if they are awake, analyze the thing they are to guarantee in detail with the same unsentimental shrewdness with which they are advised to approach the question of investing in a gold mine somewhere in Kamchatka. For this might appropriately be one of those times when you cannot fool all the people.

The A. B. C. of Alliances

The French Alliance

ON its face the proposed alliance with France looks to many excellent people like a perfectly innocent thing. It is to become operative only after approval by the League. It is to be purely "defensive." It is directed against only one nation, and that a disarmed nation. What could be simpler? It is almost like being asked to insure a steel box against a firebrand who is already in jail and has no matches. This is the general basis of the approval given to the idea by Mr. Oscar Straus in an interview from Paris. The Alliance he says involves nothing that the League does not involve, and is merely a "deference to the idiosyncracy of the French people."

If this represents the state of mind at the Hotel de Crillon it would be well to cut short this first unchaperoned visit of the maiden to the city before she gets any deeper into trouble. For any one who at this late date in the history of the world knows so little of the working of European politics as to be seduced by the phrases in a treaty of alliance is really not competent to represent the

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affairs of a great people. There is a point where the melting mood of deference, and ignorance of history, become a positive danger to the state, and this is such a point. When the President returns it will therefore be necessary for the Senate to remind him sharply of a few elementary principles about the character of special alliances.

They are, that every entangling alliance, almost without exception, is fervently described in the text as defensive, that there is absolutely no practical distinction between a defensive and an offensive alliance, that from the forging of the Ems dispatch to the murder of the Austrian Archduke intriguing diplomats have never found the slightest difficulty in manufacturing a defensive pretext for an offensive purpose. It is incredible that any American statesman should have forgotten this so completely that after denouncing special alliances time without number he should be so flabbergasted by the word "unprovoked" as to miss the whole significance of the project.

Examine the plan in this European setting and what does it mean? As a result of the war France is left as the one great military power on the Continent of Europe. Her army has a glorious tradition, the staff is the finest in Europe, her greatest rival is completely and permanently disarmed. Against this rival she is to be reinsured by a covenant which is supposed to apply the force of all its members against any kind of sudden aggression. Then a military frontier is given her which means that at the first hint of aggression by the disarmed Germans the whole left bank of the Rhine can be occupied without resistance by a completely armed France, and on top of this she is to be still further reinsured by a special military alliance with the two Powers who control the seas and the greatest military resources.

To the French people, terrorized for forty years and invaded for four, this may at the moment seem merely defensive caution. But not to the very astute politicians who manage French foreign policy. They know better. They know that the real meaning of this alliance is to give France a free hand in the mastery of the Continent. By making France absolutely immune to the consequences of any policy she may pursue, she is free to pursue, any policy. In exactly this way Bismarck reasoned when he reinsured himself several times over on his eastern and southern front in order to be entirely safe in all his other purposes. Let no one deceive himself about this. The beauty of the French landscape, the charm of Frenchmen, the delicacy of French culture, the hardihood of the French peasant, the democracy of French society have no more to do with the question than did German folk songs and Beethoven's music with the policy of Bismarck or of his more degenerate successors under William II. On the Continent of Europe a nation which is in a privileged position of security is fatally tempted to pursue a policy of intrigue and aggression. That privileged position may be the military power of France absolutely reinsured by special alliance with sea power. Where that privileged position exists the temptation to assert mastery is so intoxicating as to be beyond the power of control.

We can be perfectly certain that no matter how much we may deceive ourselves about the defensive character of this agreement, no European, Allied, neutral or enemy will take it for anything but what it is: a regular old-fashioned military alliance. The result will be what it has always been. The other nations, far more insecure than France, will infer that if the authors of the Covenant do not trust the League, why in heaven's name should they? Italy is already saying it. Spain looking at her dispute with France in Morocco is bound to say it, and as for Central Europe what other conclusion can she possibly draw? If France needs special protection, the weaker states certainly do, and the next step is to find allies. Now in the choice of allies as a means of protection, no nation has the slightest scruple. Republican France and Tsarist Russia, England and Japan, Germany and Turkey, it is not principles but battalions that count.

The French alliance is bound to call up other alliances within what Mr. Wilson once called "the common family of the League of Nations" and, we may add, outside the family. With Germany and Russia outside, and China ready to go, with Italy rather dazzled somewhere in No Man's Land, the number of possible combinations is considerable. All of them, of course, will be purely "defensive." The only thing to remember is that these defensive groups will be extraordinarily interested in being loyal to one another. And being loyal to a defensive alliance means—as Mr. Wilson has recently discovered at the cost of his reputation—doing just about what the most determined member of the group insists upon. The result is a set of rival diplomatic groups each arming for its own defensive purposes, and each intriguing for a good start in the next war.

This alliance is Mr. Wilson's farewell kiss to the League already shattered into a mere Holy Alliance by the exclusion of over half the world and by the writing of a peace that condemns Europe to a generation of violence and intrigue. It is a public and formal confession that a Europe has been organized so profoundly insecure, so fatally destructive, so lastingly divided that only by a new balancing of power can the thing be even

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temporarily maintained. Generous and trusting the American people usually are in their foreign relations, but fools they are not, and fools they would be if they permitted themselves now to be embroiled in a system of European alliances.

The Covenant Now

What then of the League itself, stripped of the alliances? It will come before the Senate a part of the treaty of peace, and the theory of Mr. Wilson's political strategy is that since the League and the treaty are indissolubly joined, they must be accepted or rejected together. But what in all honesty was the assumption upon which this plan —always highhanded in its conception—was predicated? It was that the world order established by the treaty would have a clear moral title in the conscience of mankind. "If it be indeed and in truth the common object of the governments associated against Germany, and of the nations whom they govern, as I believe it to be, to achieve by the coming settlements a secure and lasting peace, it will be necessary that all who sit down at the peace table shall come ready and willing to pay the price, the only price that will procure it. . . . That price is impartial justice in every item of the settlement, no matter whose interest is crossed; and not only impartial justice, but also the satisfaction of the several peoples whose fortunes are dealt with." Now if this meant anything at all, it meant from the point of view of the American people, that they would be asked to guarantee, only such a world situation as had within it the probability of peace and continuity. The plain promise, implied in all the President's utterances, was that a peace could be written, not one hundred per cent perfect of course, but good enough to involve no extraordinarily great risks. The assumption was that the lesson of the Congress of Vienna and the Congress of Berlin had been learned, and that the resulting peace would exhibit the victors in a new role, the role of men who use their power to dictate a settlement that promises to endure because it is so clearly just. With such a settlement it was legitimate, and in our opinion highly desirable to associate America completely.

But what has actually happened at Paris is that a treaty has been written which even the authors know can last only by the most extreme and continued use of force. It was assumed that America would have to guarantee a settlement in which the probability was peace. America is confronted with a settlement in which every probability points to class struggles, hostile alliances, and many wars. We were promised a peace that was intrinsically stable. We are getting a peace that is intrinsically unstable. We were asked to guarantee a peace that would probably last. We are confronted with a peace that almost certainly cannot last. Because the premise is new, the old conclusion no longer holds.

It was perhaps fair to say that having accepted the President's speeches as American official policy, the Senate was bound in honor to ratify. But since the President himself has plainly, unmistakably failed to carry his programme, since all the assumptions on which he acted and spoke are shattered, the Senate and the American people are released from the obligation to ratify without amendment. It is a new situation requiring new judgments and new decisions. That new situation briefly stated is this:

> America through its President promised to underwrite a stable peace. The peace is unstable. Shall it underwrite this unstable peace?

Newspapers like the World, the New York Evening Post, and journals like the Review realizing the dangers of the settlement put their trust in the power of the League of Nations to right wrongs and readjust matters. Their position, and it seems also to be the President's, is this: Concentrate your attention on the League, not on the settlement, for the League is a permanent instrument of justice and accommodation. This is plausible. But is it sound?

For those who look not at the words of the Covenant but at the grouping of forces behind it certain conclusions are unavoidable. The Treaty of Versailles makes the British Empire supreme in Africa, the Near East, the Mediterranean, and in all the waters of Europe and Asia. This supremacy rests on unlimited sea power, on the control of key industries and key materials, on gigantic blocks of territory, and finally on the special economic arrangements of the treaty. These arrangements provide two things which must be noticed. First, they destroy the basis of German commercial power now, and they give to England the unquestionable power to determine how and whether German industry shall recuperate. The treaty in other words establishes a situation in which the unconditional surrender of German militarism is accompanied by the unconditional surrender of German commerce. But German commerce surrenders not to the League but to English industry. Germany loses her economic independence to her greatest competitor. The second thing the treaty does is to give France an elastic claim on the surplus of whatever industrial life England allows Germany to have. Admittedly this is not a great deal. In addition the treaty gives to France the possibility of an industrial life of her own by giving her the chief continental mineral supply. Whether France will

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use the minerals to build up industry and take Germany's place as the competitor of British trade, or whether, acting on ingrained habits, she will prefer to live on the royalties is a question of the future. But one thing is clear: the treaty gives France this economic power, and it gives her also the political supremacy of the Continent. Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, German Austria and in large measure Jugoslavia are satellites in the orbit of French diplomatic influence. And France avowedly intends to use every bit of prestige, financial and military force she possesses to build up this "barrier" of new states and to act as the leader of them. It is a new Middle Europe, now under French rather than under German influence.

But this new French Middle Europe is not an end in itself. It faces both Germany and Russia, and it faces them in a hostile spirit. Its object in regard to Germany is to keep the German nation permanently divided and prostrate. Its object in regard to Russia is to validate French finance, and if possible either to restore something closely resembling the old regime or to dismember Russia by splitting off fragments like Siberia, the Ukraine and the Don regions. This is not the whole of France's diplomatic policy. She possesses, in certain very influential circles, men who believe in the destiny of Latin civilization in the Mediterranean. Behind them stand powerful syndicates and commercial influences with far-reaching plans in Northern Africa, Armenia, Constantinople, Syria defined in the largest sense, and in the new Arabian Kingdom of the Hedjaz. And overseas lie the French possessions and the French stake in China.

Of these matters it has not been expedient to talk during the course of the war, but they have played a mighty role in the conduct of the war and the history of the Peace Conference. No end of bargains, secret engagements and what not have been involved in the business of establishing this immense empire. But this empire, unlike the British and like the German, rests not on sea power but on land power and finance. Every really informed observer in Paris knows how the plans for it have grown in scope since the armistice. In part it represents, no doubt, the exaltation of victory, in part an attempt to recoup the losses of the war, but fundamentally it is a culmination of what already existed before the war. That was the habit of using French savings in adventurous investments for the purpose of extending the area of investments, so that more savings could be engaged abroad. Every American soldier returning from France has seen the results in the condition of the ports, the railroads and public works. France's domestic life was impoverished and weakened because capital was sucked out of France by the Parisian bankers and invested not in productive enterprise at home but in semi-diplomatic schemes in all parts of the earth. And their entanglements meant that France was instantly threatened by trouble anywhere.

Germany was, of course, the great threat, but the hairbreadth escape of war with Great Britain in 1898 indicates the variety of perils amidst which France lived. Now the plain truth of the matter is that France is not strong enough, has not the population, the resources or the technical organizations, to play the role of the second empire in the world. No matter how much Germany is weakened, France will never be secure as long as she insists on playing the part of a first-class empire with the intrinsic power of a second-class state.

But this is just what France proposes to do. With the help of the League and the special alliance, with the exercise of her influence in Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and elsewhere, she is about to engage in a policy of diplomatic hostility to the two most numerous and dangerous populations in Europe,—the Russian and the German. Not only that. She has estranged Italy, and Italy is virtually isolated. She has a conflict with Spain in Africa, and no small difficulty with Great Britain in Asia Minor. To manage this top-heavy policy she is compelled to keep Germany so hopelessly down that no new combination against her can be formed with Germany as a partner. She is compelled to support the Poles in all of M. Dmowski's wildest plans and to give Japan anything she asks in the Far East. But in keeping Germany prostrate France destroys the source of her much-needed reparation, and consequently undermines her own internal stability. If history teaches anything it is that a nation in that state is driven further and further along the path of foreign adventure. It was a somewhat similar misreading of the possibilities and her destiny which after forty years led Germany to disaster.

Upon this seething insecurity the League is constructed, and the League is the Big Five. It is designed to regulate the affairs of Europe and Asia. Let us begin with Asia. There a condition has been created, as a result of the surrender at Shantung, the danger and difficulty of which no American will underestimate. The Chinese, who are almost a quarter of the human race, are left in a deadly feud with Japan. As a matter of law the League of Nations has no equity in that feud except under Article Eleven of the Covenant which gives any member of the League a right to draw the attention of the League to a threat of trouble. But under all the other articles of the Covenant Japan's title is clear. Who then is to question Japan's legal rights in the interest of world jus-

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tice and peace? No one but your humble servant the United States of America. All the other members of the Big Five are bound hand and foot by the secret treaties. Now assuming that America wishes to help China to use the League to do what it is supposed to do—right the wrongs of the treaty? America alone will certainly have her hands full. And having her hands full she may at any moment be called upon under Article Ten to preserve M. Dmowski's Polish boundaries or Baron Sonnino's Adriatic frontiers.

If anyone thinks that the United States under these conditions is going to have a role in readjusting the settlement or of affecting the war-making propensities of European governments, let him consider the majestic impotence of Mr. Wilson in Paris at a time when the effects of American military and economic intervention had not entirely worn off. If, as the Evening Post, the World, the Review and others think, the League is to make a lasting peace out of this treaty, it will be not Japan, nor the United States, nor even Italy, but France and Great Britain who must do it. For the Continent of Europe they are the League, and America's privilege is to underwrite what they determine, and to participate in the next war if they become involved in one.

Now what France and Great Britain determine depends upon who governs in London and Paris. If those who have written this treaty on the lines laid down in the secret treaties and the Paris Economic Conference continue to manage British and French policy, then in our opinion it is expecting miracles to suppose that the absolute political and economic power obtained under the treaty will be voluntarily surrendered. There are too many excellent reasons for hating the Germans to make it in the least probable that the future of Europe will become the prime consideration of their policy. Now under Article Ten of the Covenant this power is confirmed in the hands of the present governments. The risk to them of a reaction against anything they may wish to do is reduced because while America can hardly affect what they do, she must guarantee what they have done. With American aid sealed and delivered in case of trouble, far-seeing Frenchmen and Englishmen may have an almost insuperable task in convincing the special interests who will profit most by the situation that they are heading for a catastrophe. Instead of acting as the disinterested influence capable of readjusting the treaty to the necessities of world peace, America seems inevitably to become the major excuse for not readjusting it. Our power is employed not to make stability out of instability, but to try, vainly in the end, to stabilize the instability itself.

The inference is that America should withdraw from all commitments under the Covenant which in any way impair her freedom of action. Those parts of the constitution of the League which provide machinery of conciliation, arbitration and continuous conference, and many or most of the minor provisions should be retained. Whatever is voluntary and advisory, whatever provides for better communication and understanding or for completer cooperation in international public service is still clear gain. Out of it the nations may ultimately devise a more ambitious society of nations. But the compulsory features, the special guarantees involving force, should be eliminated, on the plain unimpeachable ground of American safety. The situation left in Europe is too densely involved, too obscurely complicated, too precariously balanced on the apex to make it desirable from any point of view that the power of America should be committed in advance.

Looked at simply from the angle of European interests it is dangerous and undesirable that America should be so pocketed as to count as a sure thing in the calculation of the diplomats. Looked at from the American point of view, it would be the height of folly to commit a great people as the guarantor of a condition which is morbidly sick with conflict and trouble. Certainly Americans had nothing like this in mind when they acquiesced in the President's promises. He said, and they hoped, that they would participate in a Europe so chastened by the war that the interests of a lasting peace would take precedence over every other national advantage. The European governments have chosen differently. Well and good. That must be their affair. It certainly should not be America's affair in the sense that American lives and American interests are entangled in it.

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Mr. Burleson, Republican Test

MR. BURLESON challenges the Republicans. If they are sincere about him, the proof is ready and easy. Let them give it.

They say that Mr. Burleson is "inefficient." They keep on stressing that word. What do they mean? Mr. Burleson, by their own favorite standard of "efficiency," is not "inefficient" at all.

Most Republican newspapers and most Republican statesmen have one final passionate question about public enterprises. Do the German public railways "pay"? Do the Glasgow public street-cars "pay"? Do the American private railways, under public control, "pay"?

Year after year the American Post Office proved government ownership wrong because it had a "deficit." Do the Republicans now hate Mr. Burleson because under him the American Post Office tends to prove government ownership Republicanly right?

Mr. Hitchcock, Mr. Taft's Postmaster General, had a "deficit" in 1910 of almost $6,000,000. In 1911 he was personally proud to show a "surplus" of $230,000. In 1918, after all allowances had been made for all war-time excess-rates revenue, Mr. Burleson showed a "surplus" roughly of $19,500,000.

In "efficiency," in "economy," in "scientific management," in all their table technique, and in all their accounting consequences, Mr. Burleson is the Postmaster General supreme. He has treated the Post Office exactly as if it were "his own business." No private-corporation president could possibly have excelled him in devotion to dividends and disregard for consequences.

He was met by ingratitude. Many business men demanded service. They wanted their letters delivered. Mr. Burleson was no "demagogue." He rose above this "popular clamor."

He looked at the "financial facts." He looked at his "surplus." After all, it was only $19,500,000. What would have happened to it if he had tried to give service?

There are just two main items in the expenses of the Post Office. The first is employees. It is the overwhelmingly dominant one. The Post Office, in bulk, is nothing but men and women passing mail-matter, in person or by machine, from hand to hand. The other item is transportation of mail-matter from town to town—principally railway transportation.

Mr. Burleson kept both these items conscientiously down. In the period from 1915 to 1918, for instance, while his volume of mail-matter increased 20 per cent, his bill for railway transportation increased only 3 per cent. He took off a great many railway post office cars and he was "conservative" in his purchases of new railway-car space. He resisted "extravagance."

But imagine him, in a weak moment, saying to himself:

"When I fill a car with mail, it is full. I defy any efficiency expert to fill it fuller. I also defy any efficiency expert of any party to drive and goad a railway mail clerk any more than my efficiency experts are driving and goading him now. Still the service is insufficient. Therefore, with a volume of business increased by a percentage of 20, I will increase my railway transportation bill by a percentage of 10."

The result would have been serious. In 1918, compared with 1915, the increase in the cost of postal railway transportation was less than $2,000,000. By the ten per cent idea it would have been nearly $6,000,000. The difference is $4,000,000; and the "surplus" would have been cut to $15,500,000. Besides:

If there are more railway post office cars, there must be more railway mail clerks to man them. If letters are to be distributed (as much as possible) on trains while moving instead of in buildings while stationary, there must be many more railway mail clerks. In 1918, compared with 1915, the increase in the cost of railway mail clerks was less than $400,000. By the ten per cent idea it would have been approximately $2,900,000. The difference is $2,500,000; and the "surplus" would have been cut to $13,000,000. The "surplus," the "balance in bank," the "profit," the essential evidence of "success," would have been sadly disfigured.

Imagination cannot see Mr. Burleson going on into any further extravagances of physical service. They await him numerously, but the ones already mentioned would be quite enough. He would steady himself and turn to economy in wages. There he is assailed by some more "clamor."

It is said that in these days the poor ought not to be made much poorer. It is said that when the cost of living is rising rapidly the wages of workers ought to be raised to a degree sufficient to prevent them from voting the Bolshevik ticket. Altruism demands that we save ourselves from the Bolshevik deluge.

Mr. Burleson has scorned such cowardice. In 1918 his wage-scales were far from corresponding to the increased cost of living. He was under-paying his employees. By under-paying them he

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was getting a great deal of discontented work out of them and therefore a great deal of inadequate work, slack work. By under-paying them he was again impairing the service, and again impairing it in strict duty to his corporation, his stockholders, the " taxpayers."

But imagine him, under " clamor," on Christmas morning, saying:

" Not because of this Bolshevism, but because it is Christmas, I am going to make my employees a little gift for the year. I am going to give them a bonus of a dollar a week. It will not raise their wages to the level of their expenses; but it will show them my spirit, especially by the word ' bonus.' "

What then? Then he would be at his finish. His remaining " surplus " was $13,000,000. He has some 250,000 employees. Fifty-two times 250,000 is $13,000,000. His whole " surplus " is now precisely and totally gone. He is " bankrupt."

Mr. Burleson knows these " financial facts " and he knows that the Republicans know them or ought to know them. Yet from the Senate and from the House the Republicans keep on demanding service and keep on attacking Mr. Burleson for not giving service. Do they mean it? Do they really mean that they actually want the Post Office Department to buy the transportation and to hire the employees and to pay the wages necessary for service? If they do, they can prove it by simply saying:

" The next Republican Postmaster General will give service and he will also produce, to the full extent required by service, a ' deficit.' We will cure that ' deficit ' annually by taxes or permanently by increased rates. But, to the full extent required by service, we will produce it."

That is the first part of the proof. The second is to repudiate the labor policy of " individualism " which is professed by Mr. Burleson and which is equally professed by most large contributors to Republican campaign funds.

During the first days of April last there was a great conference at Washington, called by Mr. Burleson, to discuss the postal service. Mr. Burleson sent out his invitations widely. He invited some 75 Postmasters—bosses of individual post offices. He invited the fifteen Post Office " Inspectors in Charge "—bosses of the inspectional service throughout the country. He invited the fifteen Railway Mail Division Superintendents—bosses of the railway mail service throughout the country. And he invited certain representatives of certain great business associations and of certain great business firms—large patrons of the mails.

These bosses and these large patrons met and talked. They made a list of things to talk about. The first entry was:

" Return receipts for registered mail."

It was a subject which could hardly be said to be beyond the experience of rank-and-file postal-service employees. In fact, like every other subject on the list, it was well within their experience and well within the possibility of wisdom from them. Letter-carriers, for instance, are handling registered letters every day and they can make a contribution of their own to any conversation about return receipts.

In former days every registered letter brought a receipt from the addressee back to the sender, and the letter-carrier filed a copy of the receipt, and the whole transaction was proved. At present, unless the sender specially requests a receipt, there is no receipt, and no copy of a receipt, and the transaction is not proved. Some addressee then claims that he did not get a certain letter. There is a great stir. There is much inquiry. Reports are written. Inspectors arrive. The addressee has his memory. The letter-carrier has his. Out of memories, at length, the letter-carrier may be adjudged culpable and may be sentenced to pay for the loss caused by the loss of the letter. Or he may be adjudged innocent, and the addressee remains unconvinced and injured.

Letter-carriers might think, rightly or wrongly, that the present system is vexatious and lacking in final satisfaction. They might also think, and surely rightly, that they are the men who every day meet millions of addressees face to face and they are the men therefore who have a certain familiarity with the manners and customs and virtues and failings of the race of addressees.

No letter-carriers were invited, however, to that great conference during the first days of April last, nor were any other rank-and-file postal-service employees. Of course it would have been impossible to invite them promiscuously or in mass. It would have been necessary to invite them through representatives. But that is just where the difficulty is.

The only representatives whom the employees in mass are willing to authorize to speak for them are precisely the representatives to whom Mr. Burleson will not speak. They are the elected officers of the postal-service organizations. To them the employees transmit their facts and their views. To a man like Mr. E. J. Cantwell, for twenty continuous years secretary of the National Association of Letter Carriers, they have transmitted a mass of facts and views in comparison with which the letter-carrier knowledge of any high Department official is slender and remote. Mr. Burleson rejects such representatives. They are not his " employees."

By rejecting them he rejects their organizations; and by rejecting their organizations he rejects the mass of his employees; and so he severs the Department from its one means of making a considerable improvement in service with no cost to the public.

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There is just one way now in which more work per man can ever be got out of the mass of the postal-service employees of America. All that can be extracted from them by thumb-screws is being extracted already. They are Americans. They are not at their best in thumb-screws. They have proved by their behavior that a Postmaster General's next task with them is not to extract but to release. It is to release their self-respect to them—and therefore their self-sacrifice—and to restore to them, in the new manner of a new day, the self-glory which made them talk so much once about "The Service."

The spontaneous efficiency of the Post Office is choked at its source by Mr. Burleson. It is choked by his insistence on meeting only "employees." He will not recognize the right of his "employees" to have "employees" of their own and to send those "employees," their presidents and their secretaries, to speak to him on their behalf. He insists on "individualism." They insist on "collectivism." And if they were all dismissed, their successors would presently insist on it likewise. It is settled, among the employees. It remains to be accepted by the Department. Till it is accepted, the present loss of costless and invaluable efficiency continues.

Are the Republicans willing to stop that loss? Are they in earnest in wanting all possible efficiency, all possible service? They can prove it by merely saying:

"Whenever we get into power we will absolutely recognize the organizations of the postal-service employees. We will recognize them for collective conference on wages and hours. We will recognize them for collective conference on service improvements. Mr. Burleson installed and maintained an anti-democratic labor policy. We will instal and maintain an absolutely pro-democratic labor policy. We promise. It is hereafter Republican doctrine."

Then the third and last part of the proof would follow. It has to do with Postmasters General cruising about as judicial privateers and preying upon the liberties of citizens under commission from Congress and under indulgence from the courts.

In New York there is a Russian paper called Novy Mir. By ruling of a Post Office official it was seditious. Without further ruling by anybody else, it was cut off from receiving its mail. All letters addressed to Novy Mir were returned to their senders, marked "Mail to this address undeliverable under the Espionage act." Novy Mir was thus cried as seditious and criminal to all its correspondents, and the managers of Novy Mir were thus commercially blockaded, by simple order of an official of the country's mail-transporting agency.

The Post Office is a public function of transportation, just like a street. For a Postmaster General to be able, of his own motion, to prevent a man whom he regards as criminal from using the mails is exactly as if a Commissioner of Streets, on similar suspicions, were able to prevent a man from walking on the streets from his house to his office.

Sentences of deprivation of personal rights and of commercial rights should certainly not be passed upon American citizens by Commissioners of Streets nor by any other similar official without effective appeal to judges and juries and witnesses. Yet such sentences, with no effective appeal, are now numerously within the prerogative of American Postmasters General. Section 485, for instance, of the Postal Laws and Regulations, embodying a certain statute, says:

"The Postmaster General may, upon evidence satisfactory to him that any person is conducting any scheme for obtaining money by means of false pretenses, instruct postmasters at any post office at which registered letters arrive, directed to any such person, to return all such letters to the postmaster at the office at which they are mailed."

Republican doctrine cannot condone the words "upon evidence satisfactory to *him*." Republican elder statesmen are always assuring us that one of the eternal purposes of the Constitution is to protect minorities and individuals through "due process of law" against the arbitrary action of executives in office. How does it happen then that a Republican President, in 1890, gave us the statute just quoted and that Republican Postmasters General have fully exercised all the powers of all such statutes and that Republicans today call Mr. Burleson a "despot"?

Have they acquired a dislike for despotism? Then let them say:

"We will establish real administrative courts to make all decisions of non-mailability, and from those courts we will provide really effective appeals to judicial courts. We will curb the Post Office Department in its ambition to be an amateur justice-shop, and we will confine it to being a professional public utility."

So the Republicans might answer Mr. Burleson. So only a few of them ever do answer him. Those few have indeed been strong at it. Senator Hiram W. Johnson, for instance, has fought more daringly for free speech than any of his Democratic colleagues; and Congressman Martin B. Madden has studied the needs of the postal-service more thoroughly and has promoted the welfare of the postal-service employees more continuously than any other man in either House.

Most Republicans, however, have evaded every part of the issue. The issue, in whole, is nothing less than the whole philosophy of the management

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of governmental public utilities, in their relations both to the public and to their employees. Mr. Burleson, having chosen a certain set of principles and having scrupulously and successfully lived up to them, now says to the Republicans:

"Do you, on the contrary, believe that governmental public utilities should give service at the risk of deficits and should accept trade unions at the risk of agitators and should grant due process of law at the risk of treasons? Are you willing to stand up and say so?"

While they remain so numerously seated, they justify Mr. Burleson.

WILLIAM HARD.

Whitman, Emerson and the New Poetry

IS the new poetry old? On this question the new poets are themselves divided. Some assert that their product is a new genus, sprung full grown from the head of the twentieth century radical. Others, desiring a more venerable paternity, lapse into ancestor worship. But their dereliction has swift limit, for they cannot feel satisfaction in being the children of regular unions long continued. They acknowledge themselves wild, and do not wish to be considered too legitimate offspring. Accordingly they select Whitman as their primal progenitor. Notoriously an outlaw, he is yet a chieftain of such repute that his tribe gains lustre from his name. They choose to be oblivious of the kinship of his metre to the Hebrew parallelism of the Bible, to the dactylic hexameter, to the prose of Carlyle and Emerson. That they should have either classic or Puritan origins is to them equally horrendous and incredible. They seek the protection of a family tree, but it must be rootless. And they think that they have consummated this result by beginning their line with Whitman.

Whitman is a favored jumping off place for another reason besides his unlicensed independence and his lawlessness in respect to metre. The new poets are patriots and democrats. Commendably so, if they did not choose to be selfish about it, to arrogate to themselves and Whitman all the democracy and Americanism in American literature. Their attitude appears in Mr. Louis Untermeyer's The Whitman Centenary, in the New Republic of March 22nd. "In the centenary of Whitman, American letters celebrates its own birthday," he declares; and asserts that Whitman's lineal descendants are Frost, Masters, Lindsay, Sandburg, and the other modern American poets who are at the same time new.

Whitman himself made no such vaunt. He does not include himself in "the mighty four who stamp this first American century with its birthmarks of poetic literature." He "can't imagine any better luck befalling these States for a poetical beginning and initiation than has come from Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier." Even of Longfellow, whose name and Tennyson's the new poets use as bugaboos to frighten their children, he has this to say:

> To the ungracious complaint-charge of his want of racy nativity and special originality, I shall only say that America and the world may well be reverently thankful —can never be thankful enough—for any such singing bird vouchsafed out of the centuries, without asking that the notes be different from other songsters; adding what I have heard Longfellow himself say, that ere the new world can be worthily original, and announce herself and her own heroes, she must be well saturated with the originality of others, and respectfully consider the heroes that lived before Agamemnon.

And it is not himself but Bryant whom he describes as "pulsing the first interior verse-throbs of a mighty world."

Odious to the new poets is any tie that binds them to Puritanism. So violent is their hatred of its narrowness and priggishness that they fly to extremes, and are disposed to sneer also at its zeal and moral energy. Yet if they proceed from Whitman—I have no wish to say that they do not—they must acknowledge as more distant forbears these Puritans whom they would renounce. Whitman himself attacked their faults—their prudery, their too prim decorousness, their imitativeness—but he also acknowledged and praised their good qualities and owned himself indebted to them.

Before Whitman, Emerson was, and that Whitman is to some extent under obligation to Emerson is no secret. Whitman declares that the influence of the man whom he once addressed in print as "Master" lasted only a month or so and was superficial. He was unmoved also by the undeniable reasonableness of Emerson's objections to the Children of Adam as urged in a long talk on Boston Common. But near the close of Emerson's life, when Whitman himself was advanced in years, he derived much satisfaction in visiting Emerson, was content to take no part in the conversation, and for almost two hours rejoiced in the opportunity merely to "look squarely" at Emerson, and view the "well-known expression of sweetness and the old clear-peering aspect." Did his hero-worship die in that month so many years before?

No one can read what Whitman called his prose works without being impressed by the fact that he belongs to the transcendentalist school of nineteenth

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century literature, to the school whose other prominent members were Emerson and Carlyle. This appears not so much in the fact that he shared their admiration of the German philosophers as in his assertive individualism and his idealism.

Whitman was puzzled to account for his admiration of Carlyle. They indeed seem at opposite poles, the one confident in the tomorrow of the masses, the other acclaiming the superman hero. The point of sympathy lies in Carlyle's style. Here Carlyle, like Whitman, is an individualist rampant. It is his "rude, rasping, taunting, contradictory tones" that delight Whitman. "How he shakes our comfortable reading circles with a touch of the old Hebraic anger and prophecy!" Carlyle's disregard of grammar, his literary roughriding, his determination to gang his own gait with literary conventions — all these must have emboldened Whitman.

It is easy to see what Emersonian doctrine most affected him. "The best part of Emersonianism is," Whitman says, "it breeds the giant that destroys itself. Who wants to be any man's mere follower? lurks behind every page. No teacher ever taught, that has so provided for his pupil's setting up independently—no truer evolutionist." The self-reliance of Emerson developed into the aggressive, egotistically personal, democratic nationalism of Whitman.

Probably, too, the influence of the doctrine of self-reliance does not stop with philosophical theory. Stylistically, also, it is likely that Emerson thus affected Whitman. In Mr. Untermeyer's article, above referred to, he quotes passages of literary theory from Whitman to show that he not only practised, but also professed the stylistic principles which animate the new poetry. He makes clear that Whitman advocated the use of American subjects and names; everyday American, democratic experience; and racy popular language as the stuff of poetry. But so advocated Emerson, long before.

Not Whitman, but Emerson delivered the American literary declaration of independence. "Perhaps the time is already come . . . when the sluggard intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill. Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. The millions that around us are rushing into life, cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests. Events, actions arise that must be sung, that will sing themselves. Who can doubt that poetry will revive and lead in a new age . . . ?" This is the spirit of Emerson's Phi Beta Kappa address, The American Scholar, which he delivered in 1838, seventeen years before the publication of Leaves of Grass.

In the same address "the glory of the commonplace" as literary material received due recognition:

> The literature of the poor, the feelings of the child, the philosophy of the street, the meaning of household life, are the topics of the time. It is a great stride. . . . I ask not for the great, the remote, the romantic; what is doing in Italy or Arabia; what is Greek art, or Provençal minstrelsy; I embrace the common, I explore and sit at the feet of the familiar, the low. . . . The meal in the firkin; the milk in the pan; the ballad in the street; the news of the boat; the glance of the eye; the form and gait of the body;—show me the ultimate reason of these matters.

Who will deny that this was Whitman's endeavor, that line upon line in Leaves of Grass may be regarded as prolongation and extension of what Emerson was urging, even to "the form and gait of the body."

> Nor dare we chaunt our own times and social circumstance. . .
> Banks and tariffs, the newspaper and caucus, Methodism and Unitarianism
> Are flat and dull to dull people.
> But rest on the same foundations of wonder
> As the town of Troy and the temple of Delphi, and are as swiftly passing away.
> Our log-rolling, our stumps and their politics, our fisheries, our Negroes and Indians. . .
> The northern trade, the southern planting, the western clearing, Oregon and Texas, are yet unsung.
> Yet America is a poem in our eyes.
> Its ample geography dazzles the imagination.

This has the authentic accent of Whitman, but the voice is Emerson's, for it appears, not arbitrarily hewn, as here, but as straightaway prose, in The Poet, published in the second series of Essays in 1844.

Emerson relished living language as much as Whitman. "Cut these words, and they would bleed; they are vascular and alive," he says of Montaigne appreciatively. "Blacksmiths and teamsters do not trip in their speech; it is a shower of bullets." And in The American Scholar, he emphasizes the writer's dependence on life rather than on literature for his vocabulary. "Life is our dictionary. Years are well spent in country labors; in town; in the insight into trades and manufactures; in frank intercourse with many men and women; in science; in art; to the one end of mastering in all their facts a language by which to illustrate and embody our perceptions. . . . Life lies behind us as the quarry from whence we get tiles and copestones for the masonry of today. This is the way to learn grammar. Colleges and books

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only copy the language which the field and workyard made."

Pervading both Whitman's and Emerson's devotion to the humble, the small, the popular, and the American as the material with which the American writer should work is their idealism. The common experience of common Americans has for them symbolic values. It illustrates for Emerson eternal laws. It typifies for Whitman his abounding democracy; his love of humanity and of personality, especially his own; even his strangely mixed morality. The new poets disregard Whitman's relation to Puritanism, to Quakerism, to Transcendentalism, to Emerson. They forget that Whitman would rather have been right than heterodox. His poetry and Emerson's poetry are governed by principle.

Some of the new poets are content if their poems are mere series of bright colored pictures such as please the barbaric tastes of children. When Whitman, on the other hand, evokes distinct situations in swift order, as when he chants of heroes, he does so not only to give pleasure to the visual imagination, but more because he feels in each situation something illustrative of his creed. What is true of examples is also true of figures of speech. There is more than poetic fancy at play in the accumulation of metaphors that Whitman draws from the grass; there is religion itself—"the handkerchief of the Lord"; "the beautiful uncut hair of graves."

Others of the new poets are naturalists, seeming to rejoice in the mud and scum of things, and neglecting, as Emerson does not, what sings therein. Concord is as American as Spoon River; some of us, perhaps, would prefer to choose it as representative. In Hamatreya Emerson has written the epitaph of its materialistic citizens:

"Bulkeley, Hunt, Willard, Hosmer, Meriam, Flint," who forgot that their day was little, forgot that their riches were not theirs, but belonged to the Earth Spirit. Comparison between Hamatreya and Masters's work does not in all points lead to the superiority of the Anthology. In Two Rivers Emerson uses the Musketaquid to diviner purposes than Masters ever uses the persons who dwelt along the Spoon. Yet one stream is as American as the other. It is better that the writer should interpret the rottenness and glory of life than that he should photograph them.

The new poet is an iconoclast, and the son of an iconoclast. But is it enough for him to erect iconoclasm itself into a religion, forgetting his fathers, and forgetting that they wrote in the light of faith and principle? He needs to remember to what stock he belongs, and to revive an old vision. Not until then will his poems be American in any broad and noble sense.

EMERSON GRANT SUTCLIFFE.

"Not Strictly Accurate"

THE April 14, 1919, issue of the Boston Evening Transcript, read by all educated New England, contains a modest article entitled: A Correction. It says:

> On the second day of April, 1917, the Transcript published the following:
>
> Lodge's Formal Statement
>
> Senator Lodge's formal statement of the encounter was as follows:
>
> "I was trying to get away from them. They were very violent. I said, 'Well, we must agree to differ.'
>
> "Then this man, whom I afterward learned was Bannwart, said: 'You are a damn coward,' addressing me personally. I went forward, close up to him, and said, 'You are a liar.' He struck me, and I struck him. Then the whole party rushed at me and pushed me against the wall."
>
> Senator Lodge now sends word that the report so published was not correct, and that he issued no formal statement, as reported.
>
> He says that, in fact, the discussion got rather violent, and statements were made that the pacifists were cowards, and that those voting for a declaration of war were cowards. He says that he became angered at some of the expressions, and in fact struck Bannwart first, and was then struck by Bannwart, and it was not the fact, as reported, that Bannwart struck him first.
>
> We, of course, accept the Senator's statement, and regret that we should have published anything which was not strictly accurate, and report this correction in justice to Bannwart.

The article does not explain why at this time Senator Lodge corrected a "formal statement" which he was alleged to have made two years earlier. To those who happened to see that "correction" it may have seemed merely a magnanimous act.

The events leading up to it show the matter in a different light. April 2, 1917, is memorable in American history as the day when Congress assembled to hear President Wilson's war message. Notwithstanding the extraordinary news value of the main occurrence of this day the Transcript in the evening gave one and three quarters columns to another incident under the following headlines:

"Lodge Floors Attacker. Boston Pacifist Strikes Senator from Massachusetts." The article said:—"The Senator was first insulted and then attacked and struck in self-defense. On arriving in the Senate Chamber, Senator Lodge was made the centre of a curious group to whom he smilingly told the story: 'I had no other purpose than to end the interview as courteously as I could and was doing so when the assault was made.'" The "Formal Statement" referred to in the "correction" came later in the account of the incident.

The leading editorial of the Transcript that night was entitled "Henry Cabot Lodge," as if he

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were the central figure of this momentous day. It closed thus:—"The above editorial was in the form when our Washington despatch was received telling of the attack 'without warning' on Senator Lodge by a pacifist and of the answer 'without waiting' by the Senator. If anything could add to the sum of affection and admiration and sense of obligation felt for the worthy successor of Daniel Webster throughout the length and breadth of the Commonwealth, the news of the forenoon would supply the addition."

The next day (April 3, 1917) the Transcript had another article on the subject under the heading: "Nation Applauds Lodge." It said:—"Alexander Bannwart will not be prosecuted by the Senator, to the disappointment of many of his admirers who urge the severest punishment. He is unwilling to waste time on the Boston pacifist. Senator Lodge will pay him no further attention."

This disappointment of the Senator's admirers seemed to cause no doubt among them as to what had really happened and the next day (April 4, 1917) the Transcript continued the story thus: "Bannwart Discharged. Senator Lodge sent word he was too busy at the Capitol to appear against him."

On April 3, 1917, the Boston Herald had over three columns on the Lodge-Bannwart incident. It stated that "seven pacifist lobbyists had assaulted Senator Lodge. Mr. Lodge's first assailant was Alexander Bannwart. As soon as blows passed Bannwart was reenforced by a woman, a minister of the gospel, and four other males. When the pacifists were finally routed by Mr. Lodge assisted by three clerks and a Western Union messenger, Bannwart, his face streaming with blood, was led to a police station where he was charged with assault. Senator Lodge appeared soon after in the Senate Chamber and was warmly congratulated by his brother Senators." Editorially, under the heading "The Attack on Mr. Lodge," the Herald said: "No one could think of comparing Alexander Bannwart with Brooks, the assailant of Charles Sumner. Happily the attack in this case is far less serious."

The Herald continued the next day in its news columns: "When Senator Lodge was not busy listening to the statement that he was the man who put the fist in pacifist, he was reading congratulatory telegrams from all over the country. Samples are: 'I raise my hat to the finest gentleman from the grand old State of Massachusetts. Bland, Maryland.' 'Your prompt rebuke to that insolent miscreant was a timely warning to the whole odious tribe that an American Senator is not to be intimidated. Burke et al, Seattle.' 'No note this time, thank God. Hull and 13 others, Boston.'"

On April 5, 1917, the Worcester Telegram said: "A United States Senator called from his room, then called a coward, and, without warning, slugged, was no watchful waiter."

These quotations show how far and wide the incident had been published and how brave the Senator and how contemptible his assailant had been made to appear. The conclusion is also inevitable that Senator Lodge or his office must have given out the congratulatory telegrams with full knowledge of the impressions of the incident current throughout the country.

The Boston Herald of April 5, 1917, said editorially: "The episode in the corridor, so disgraceful to the insignificant Bannwart, has only served to accentuate the high place which our Senior Senator holds in the esteem and affection of his large and loyal constituency."

The "pacifists" had meanwhile given facts substantially as Senator Lodge in the "Correction" two years later now gives them. Their statement was only ridiculed. The Herald of April 4, 1917, said: "Senator Lodge denies the accuracy of this account." How little headway in presenting their case these "pacifists" could make is indicated by the promptitude and absence of qualms with which Senator Lodge's colleague, Senator Weeks, published the following categorical statement: "The unprovoked and disgraceful attack on Senator Lodge has a far greater significance than an attack on an individual."

While Senator Lodge was being congratulated, the "insignificant" Bannwart was released on bail through three women taking pity on him. And the incident was gradually forgotten by the public.

Bannwart, however, did not forget the injustice or fail to let Senator Lodge know the effect of it. On May 12, 1917, he wrote the Senator as follows and thus gave him an opportunity to rectify the false and damaging impression:

My Dear Senator Lodge:

I have let our little affair rest till the immediate uproar was over but you must of course realize that the statement that came out apparently from you and a man of your prominence was extremely injurious to me.

I feel there can be no question as to the actual facts, viz: that the discussion while doubtless annoying to you because of your difference of conviction was nevertheless entirely respectful up to the point when you said: 'All those working for peace are cowards.' Thereupon I retorted, 'It's the war party who are cowards.' You then became angered and cried, 'You are a damned liar.' Whereupon I replied, 'I might return the compliment.' Immediately you struck without warning and I returned the blow.

I feel that your sense of justice should impel you to confirm that this is a correct statement of the regrettable affair, because, while we both in the heat of passion may have done what neither of us is particularly

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proud of, you are incapable in cold blood of allowing a fellow mortal to be, perhaps irreparably, injured by permitting a bad matter to appear infinitely worse than it is.

Trusting you will welcome this opportunity to testify to the truth, I am,

Respectfully,
(Signed) ALEXANDER BANNWART.

To this appeal to Senator Lodge the following reply was given:

May 14, 1917.

H. C. LODGE, Chairman,
E. T. CLARK, Clerk, United States Senate Committee on Private Land Claims.

Dear Sir:

Senator Lodge has received your letter of May 12th and has directed me to state that your version of what was said when you called at his office is an erroneous one and not in accordance with the actual facts.

Very truly yours,
E. T. CLARK,
Private Secretary.

MR. ALEXANDER BANNWART,
323 Seaver St.,
Dorchester, Mass.

On Saturday, April 12, 1919, two years later and two days before the unexplained "Correction" appeared in the Transcript the following news item was published in the Boston Herald: "Lodge Defends Suit Monday. Bannwart Wants $20,000 Damages from the Senator. The suit against Mr. Lodge has three counts—one for alleged assault, one in which he alleges Lodge had him arrested and locked up in Station 8, Washington, and one in which he asserts Lodge made false and malicious statements against him." Bannwart, having failed in his appeal to the Senator, had appealed to the courts and after the law's delays (doubly long in the case of a United States Senator with the Senate in session almost continuously), the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, the case was to be heard immediately.

The next day (Sunday, April 13, 1919) the following news item appeared in the Herald: "Bannwart-Lodge Suit Settled. The terms of settlement are not disclosed."

The "Correction" appeared in the Transcript the following day (April 14, 1919) and was clearly part of the settlement. It appeared nowhere else and was so niggardly and, unexplained, was so meaningless that few readers saw and understood it. Yet, accepting Senator Lodge's denial of the "formal statement" attributed to him, and disregarding the story which he was reported to have told "smilingly" in the Senate, and disregarding his reported denial of the accuracy of the story told by the "pacifists," the facts actually established are significant. In the "disgraceful" episode of April 2, 1917, Senator Lodge was in fact the assailant, striking his constituent in the face when he himself had not been struck. Before striking he had begun the personalities, unless indeed the "pacifists" had called themselves cowards. He allowed to be published all over the country stories most damaging to Bannwart, though these stories were the opposite to the truth. He received without evidence of compunction congratulations both from his fellow-Senators and from persons in widely scattered sections of the country. He did not correct his colleague, Senator Weeks, in the latter's contribution to the prevailing injustice. He allowed his secretary to turn down Bannwart's private appeal for justice. He let Bannwart remain in disgrace for over two years. Then he admitted the truth, not voluntarily, but only when the courts of justice were about to open. His final admission was so tardy, so vague, so small that Bannwart will hardly benefit by it, nor will Senator Lodge himself, if the matter drops, be badly hurt.

CORRESPONDENCE

May Day in Cleveland

SIR: We have been interested in noting the following facts concerning the May Day demonstration in Cleveland, Ohio:—

(1) The Socialist parade was announced months before, but was officially ignored.

(2) There was at the time no law against parade or the display of the red flag.

(3) The American flag was displayed with the red flag in conformity to the law.

(4) The parade proceeded in an orderly fashion until citizens headed by soldiers took the law into their own hands and attacked the Socialists.

(5) The police, instead of upholding the legal rights of the paraders, favored the law-breakers and arrested only the Socialists, thus encouraging the citizens to attack.

(6) The newspapers praised the actions of the assailants and lauded the soldiers who ruthlessly mowed down the crowd in trucks and army tanks. Even Mayor Harry L. Davis echoed the popular sentiment in saying, "I think the citizens who went to the aid of the police Thursday are real patriots."

Perhaps the good citizens of Cleveland who have been enthusiastic in praise of those who flagrantly defied the law, justifying them on the grounds that their action was merely an exhibition of righteous indignation, are overlooking the fact that there are more salient causes of righteous indignation than an emotional resentment on the part of certain citizens at the sight of a banner, the real significance of which they have made no attempt to understand. Would these good people of Cleveland show the same tolerance of violence should it occur on the part of those whom intolerable living conditions drive to just revolt? In all fairness, can we excuse the one outbreak as righteous indignation and reserve for the other the name of anarchy?

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Cleveland, Ohio.

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In Communistic Hungary

IT is common form in the oratory and journalism of the west to identify Bolshevism with anarchy. The traveller who enters communist Hungary with that illusion is destined to a crescendo of disappointment. There is in Europe today no city more monotonously orderly than Budapest and the stranger who expected confusion emerges in the end a little stifled by the oppressive order. The communism which prevails in Hungary reflects the later phases of the Russian revolution. Its first principle is authority and with all the enthusiasm of a new faith it is creating also a more than Roman discipline. The daily papers have been turned into gazettes which devote interminable columns to the edicts and legislation of the new government. Page after page is filled with "orders" which regulate every phase of life from the distribution of boots to the repertoire of the theatre. Their tone is sharp, peremptory, threatening and most of them contain a threat which has become a commonplace of communist style—that the least resistance will be punished by death. The official smiles as he pens the conventional words, for in point of fact after three weeks of proletarian dictatorship only one death sentence has been passed by the revolutionary tribunal and even that has not been executed. The strange thing is that these orders are obeyed. Tips are forbidden, and waiters actually return them with a gesture of outraged virtue. Alcohol is prohibited, and no one dares to drink. There is no terror, for there is no resistance. The essential difference between Russia and Hungary lies in the fact that the Hungarian proletariat was from the first united. There are no Mensheviki and no Social Revolutionaries in Hungary. The result is that there has been no attempt at sabotage by the intellectuals. The Social Democrats and the Communists fused their separate organizations at the moment of the revolution to form a united Socialist party. The orthodox Socialists supplied the numbers, the Communists the driving force. The Radicals had already dissolved their party organization before the coup d'état and had rallied to the support of the Socialists. The other parties had been shattered by the catastrophic end of the war and the assassination of Count Tisza.

A social revolution was already inevitable even before the Entente precipitated it by the insensate note of Colonel Vix. Morally and materially the old order was bankrupt. The October revolution had ended the feudal rule of the magnates. Universal suffrage had come at last with Count Karolyi and the long oppression of the subject nationalities was ended for all time. Magyar refugees from the occupied territories thronged the capital. Czechs, Serbs and Rumanians held the richest cornlands and the few coal mines of the monarchy. The Czechs, with the backing of the local Entente authorities, demanded the river mercantile fleet on which Budapest depended for transport. The winter passed in ever growing want and despair. Looting and disorder were frequent in the country and the Karolyi government with its patchwork compromises between radicalism and socialism could supply no stimulant to the energies of a broken people. In its external situation Hungary had no choice. From the Entente it had learned that it could expect no consideration; it turned in despair to Russia. There was however a more potent psychological reason for the revolution. In the depths of despair the human instinct for self-preservation cried out for a new hope. Patriotism was a spring broken by the intolerable strain of the war. Religion was an official convention linked with the old feudalism and the capitalist era. In the prudent schemes of opportunist politicians, who mixed a little reformist socialism with middle-class liberalism and the peasant view of land-ownership, there was no stimulus for mind or will. From the ruined past and the intolerable present, Hungary turned to communism because its will could recover health only in a gigantic effort of creation. There was nothing left that seemed worth conserving. Traditions, reverences, catchwords—they were all meaningless. Even of property there was little left to defend, for every man's wealth had shrunk by the fall of the exchange to a fifth of its old value. One party had an energetic belief. There survived no force which could oppose it.

The amazing thing is that this new dictatorship, scattering orders so numerous that memory cannot cope with them, is everywhere obeyed. It has ruthlessly carried out its principles. Private property in all but the smaller forms of capital vanished in a night. It mattered little that the internal state debt, above a minimum figure, was repudiated—its owners did not exaggerate the value of their scrip. Nor was the expropriation of industrial capital a catastrophic measure, for there are no old industrial families in Hungary, and no numerous master class. The Jewish middle class —a Magyar middle class hardly exists—is very new, and so given to speculation, that the sudden shocks seemed to it no worse than a gambler's

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losses. The daring of the new administration was shown in its instant attack upon the conventions of daily life. It had to cope with urgent problems. Budapest was thronged with refugees and demobilized soldiers; some say that it had double its normal population. The government instantly laid down the principle that every adult is entitled to one living room and no family to more than three rooms apart from the kitchen and rooms set aside for work. The homeless were promptly housed and in many a palace the inmates retired to the three rooms allowed to them by law. The British Labor party announced as its motto at the last election, "No cake for any till all have bread." The billeting plans of the Hungarian government were a drastic application of that principle. In practice it was carried out with reasonable consideration. Friends and relatives were encouraged to live together. On the amusing plea that the bourgeois would corrupt honest workers, families of the same habits of life were grouped together. A professor of the University with a family of three had five large rooms. One was allowed him as a study, and the official who dealt with his case suggested to him that he should bring his secretary to inhabit the fifth room. Clothing was no less scarce than house room and no new stocks could be imported. In each block of flats the tenants were required to elect trustees who must countersign their applications for new clothes or furniture and grant them only in case of actual need. These are only a few instances of the drastic measures which the People's Commissaries adopted to deal with an abnormal condition of scarcity. They make on the whole for the good of the greatest number. In nothing perhaps did the Commissioners act so firmly as in the instant and total prohibition of all alcoholic drink. There is no evasion of that command. Hungary is obediently "dry" and to this even more than to the firmly disciplined Red Guards, Hungary owes order.

The test question for any form of socialism in Hungary lies beyond the boundaries of the towns. They were ripe for the change. The younger peasants may have been shaken somewhat out of the conservatism of their class by the war, but their elders, half of them illiterate, cling tenaciously to the idea of private ownership. The former government proposed to break up the vast latifundia into small farms, and on Count Karolyi's own estate the partition had actually begun. Socialism could have no future outside the towns if that policy were carried out, and the peasants would necessarily form a preponderant conservative propertied class. Even before the revolution the Socialists in some countries started an active campaign of education among the landless workers of the great estates. The argument was simple and convincing. One might divide the land but one could not break up the immense model cattle-sheds with their perfect equipment. I saw some of these estates in Somogy County. There was electric light and hygienic drainage in the byres; the workers' cottages had neither. Then if gains must be shared under communism, so also must risks, and the Hungarian peasant has reason to dread the sudden local storms of hail. He readily understood the case for communizing engines and steam ploughs, and on one great estate near Kaposvar the laborers, under the influence of the local Socialist party, themselves formed a cooperative society to work the estate instead of subdivision.

In any event the peasants realized that the end of March was no time for a destructive experiment, for the fields called for the sower. In the first days of the revolution a plan of organization was rapidly worked out by the Commissioner for Agriculture, Dr. Hamburger, a country doctor with a high record for revolutionary courage, who stepped out of prison like so many of his colleagues, to wield a dictator's power. On each great estate over 200 acres (the limit is only provisional, and may vary in each district) the entire working staff from steward to milkmaid is formed into a permanent society. The only condition of membership is the obligation to work at least 120 days in the year—a low minimum which is intended to lure the neighboring owners of small "uneconomic" holdings (as half-time workers) into the agricultural guilds. The maintenance of the workers is a first charge upon the produce of the commercial farm. Each family will receive a ration of grain, meat, dairy produce, and vegetables according to the number of its members. The surplus product is then bought by the district central agricultural association, which is in its turn subordinate to a county association and to the Ministry.

In these new organizations there are centralized the purchase of seeds, manures, machines, and the sale of produce to the town populations of Hungary. This centralization will make for economy and efficiency in all the industries subsidiary to agriculture, from the making of butter to the manufacture of beet sugar. It will be an obligation on the societies to expend half of each year's surplus on improvements—a term which covers the building of decent dwellings for the working members of the society as well as the purchase of machinery. The remaining half of the surplus is distributed in time wages to the working members of the community and is the inducement which will stimulate them to work their best for as many days in the year as possible. I asked the opinion

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of a strongly individualistic member of the local peasant-owners league who had led the opposition to the Socialist party. He summed up the view of the laborers as follows: "They care nothing for the theory or ideals of socialism, but they are attracted by the promises of the leaders. At present they are disposed to work heartily and will give the experiment a chance. If these promises are kept, if they see new and healthy cottages built, if they get what they never had before, free medical attendance and well-organized schools, if they see that the former gains of the absentee capitalist-landlord are flowing into their own pockets, they will remain firm supporters of the system." From a hostile but capable witness this was favorable testimony.

The constitution of these rural workers' guilds reflects the wisdom hardly gained from the early experience of Bolshevik Russia. The autonomy of the workers allows them a certain initiative and control, but the final authority is the central bureaucracy. Each estate (they average 10,000 to 20,000 acres) elects its own workers' soviet, and this in turn chooses a managing committee of three. Side by side with this elected authority there is, however, a manager appointed by the district organization. He is usually the bailiff of the old aristocratic landlord. These men were experts, and against all the traditions of their class they have rallied to socialism. Feudalism received its death-blow in the war. The alternative was the partition of the estates among the laborers. That would have meant the end of the stewards' profession, and today one may see these men, with their half-aristocratic, half-parasitic manners, wearing a red button in their coats, and serving their new masters with all their habitual correctitude. The steward has the right to veto the decisions of the elected authority, and all its plans and budgets go with his independent reports to the omnipotent central authority.

Agriculture in these vast estates is already a typical modern industry, which dominated a rural proletariat by the power of its concentrated capital. This field is ripe for socialization. Outside it lies the antique world of the peasant—a term which covers the small farmer who hires labor, the peasant who makes a living by the labor of his family from his own ten acres, and finally the struggling small-holder who gains a half-existence from his own inadequate plot, and ekes it out by his work as hireling for richer men. Towards this intensely conservative peasant world the policy of communist Hungary will be the minimum of interference. There will be in the villages no socialization of houses or of land. The small owner will struggle on as before. If he is adaptable, he will himself create a voluntary co-operative system. If he is conservative, he will fail to compete with the great industry of the socialized estates. He will have to pay a fixed minimum wage for his hired labor, and if all goes well, the attraction of life on these comfortable self-governing estates will raise the requirements of his lands. He will hardly survive this generation, but meanwhile the intention is that no village shall be "socialized" until it calls for the change. The lesson of Russia has been learned. One cannot force the pace of a peasant's thinking. His mind however will be formed in the next generation in the village schools. They were the stronghold of the church. They are now the advance-posts of the socialist state.

Industry has been re-organized on similar lines. Like the absentee landlord, the sleeping partner and the shareholder disappear. As a rule the capitalist, who himself conducted his own business, remains at the maximum salary recognized by communism (3,000 kronen),* as a consulting expert. A People's Commissioner (Minister) receives no more. In mines and factories the workers elect their own soviet; as in the rural guilds. It is a small body with a maximum of seven members. It nominates a manager, but he receives his appointment from the Ministry of Production, which alone is competent to dismiss him. As in the country, so in the urban industries, this constitution shows a balance of authority. The workers have a vastly larger sphere of self-government than the most liberal form of capitalism allowed, but the final authority lies with the state. There is no risk that the extravagant period of self-indulgence which ruined industry in the early days of Russian communism will be repeated in Hungary. There it is undoubtedly intelligence which rules. I visited a great factory at Budapest which makes electric lamps, telephones and telegraphic apparatus. The soviet consisted of three scientific and four manual workers. The manager was a former engineer of the works, a man, obviously, of ability and good sense. Three former directors were employed as consultative experts. All the infinitely skilful work of this vast organism went on as before, with this difference, however, on which workmen and managers both insisted, that men and women alike worked with more spirit, more conscience, more honesty because they felt that they were "working for themselves," and no longer for an exploiter. The Taylor system will shortly be introduced.

After three weeks one cannot yet speak of the

* Worth at the present exchange about $75, but in purchasing power fully twice that figure.

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achievements of Hungarian communism; one can only describe its plans. Of these the most ambitious centre around education. The Minister, Dr. Lukacs, a former lecturer in philosophy at Heidelberg, combines imagination with courage. He means to achieve this immense end, that culture shall cease to be the privilege of a class. The drudges of the old world, the teachers, have suddenly become the most honored servants of the state, and even the village schoolmaster will receive the maximum salary of 3,000 crowns a month. The school age will be raised to sixteen and presently to eighteen years, and every boy and girl will have such further education, technical or scientific, as his capacity may merit. Dr. Lukacs hopes to recruit his corps of teachers from the ranks of the academically educated men and women, especially the lawyers, whom the revolution has placed temporarily among the unemployed. Meanwhile, he is organizing courses which will enable the more capable adult manual workers to fit themselves for scientific work. One year will be spent at the charge of the state in completing their general education, and thereafter they will follow specialized courses in engineering, architecture, or chemistry. The intention is to break down the barrier which has confined the proletarian to the routine work of his craft.

This is not all. Artists whose achievement deserves the distinction, will by a vote of a college of their peers, be maintained at the public charge to continue their productive work. Pictures of high merit in private ownership have been "socialized," and four hundred of them added to the nations' collection. The theatres, and even the cinemas, are also socialized, and Dr. Lukacs has boldly suppressed the more trivial type of performance, and raised the standard of the Budapest repertories, while lowering the price of the seats to workmen. Two plays by Bernard Shaw were being acted while I was in Budapest, and both of them were crowded. The policy of the government is to please the masses by offering them the fullest satisfaction of their æsthetic capacities. The amazing and creditable thing is that in music, and in the theatre, it insists on a high standard, which the untrained mass will certainly find exacting. Here too there is work for the expropriated class. I found myself one afternoon in a company which included a big landowning nobleman, and three ladies of the same class. They bore their reverses with remarkable spirit, and took pride in recounting their successes in looking for "honest" work. One of the ladies had found it as a musician and another as a translator. The third was already teaching in a state school and professed herself an ardent Communist.

This picture of Hungary in the first weeks of social revolution would be false if it failed to emphasize the fact that the government is an unmixed dictatorship. There is no liberty. There is no democracy. The old newspapers all continue to appear, but they all play the correct official tune. No criticism even of details is tolerated, and even in the churches, priests and pastors are forbidden to touch on politics. It is true that an election has been held to constitute the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils. The franchise included every productive worker, manual or intellectual, with women occupied in the household tasks of their families. A large percentage of those who voted used in the old days to rank in the "middle class." Excluded were all who do unproductive work, all who live by the toil of others, and (rather strangely) the clergy. Work in the socialist state is the only source of value, and communism has its own political adaptation of the Pauline maxim: if a man will not work neither shall he vote. The exclusion tells harshly only where it strikes at the small farmer, the small shopkeeper or the owner of a little workshop (the smaller businesses are not "socialized") who all work as managers, though they also employ and usually exploit others. The franchise is however only a temporary grievance: this excluded class will soon be absorbed in the general body of workers. What admits of no defense is the method of election. In each district from sixty to eighty members had to be chosen. The lists were prepared by the Socialist party caucus, and though one might strike out names, this permission was of no practical use. Rival lists were rarely presented, and even then offered only a narrow choice. The voting was on the majority, not the proportional system, and of course the official list everywhere triumphed. It would have been an honester course to allow the party to nominate the soviets without the pretence of election.

A temporary dictatorship of this type may be defended as a necessary expedient during a sharp, brief, crisis. It will destroy Hungary intellecually and morally if it is continued for more than a very few months. It is not in fact so much the "dictatorship of the proletariat" as the dictatorship of a single party, which happens to be the one political organization in Hungary that has survived the war. A country which has never known even a distant approach to democracy does not resent it as a western people would do. There is certainly no force outside the Socialist party which can overthrow it. The landlords and capitalists lack the numbers: the peasants have neither the arms nor the organization. If freedom is to emerge in the near future, it can only come by a

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determined effort from within the armed, disciplined ranks of the Socialist party itself.

This hasty sketch of an immense effort is based on the firm belief that communism, as I have seen it in Hungary, is a principle of constructive order, which errs rather on the side of excessive authority than on the side of anarchy. Its makers are men of action, who have taken into partnership with them some thinkers and students whose ability and disinterestedness no one questions. The test of the system will be in its ability to work —at first without adequate public criticism—an immense governing machine efficiently and without corruption. For the moment it promises well. The energy, the faith, the will are there. Two able men, one of them an historian of European repute, the other a statesman of equal note, both in the old days opponents of socialism, said to me almost in the same words, "The era of capitalism is over in eastern Europe; it can never be restored." Bela Kun may have his successor as dictator. The Socialist party may evolve in various tendencies. But short of a violent external intervention, an attack organized in Paris by Rumanians or Czechs, the great estates, the large factories and the banks are as little likely as the posts and the railways to revert to private ownership. At a heavy cost to liberty and with much inevitable hardship to individuals, the immense transformation has been achieved without disorder by a single stroke. If freedom is eclipsed for a moment, the destruction of the capitalist system makes for the first time in a modern state the only condition under which real freedom is conceivable, whether for the will or for the intellect. Hungary builds upon ruins, but the authors of the destruction were the makers of the war. To chaos and despair a living idea has brought the stimulus of a creative hope.

H. N. Brailsford.

Pelanos

I LAY with the others of my platoon on a hillside near a grove of eucalyptus trees. The sun was dissolving the smoky mist. The sea, azure-green, lay still before me—at the shore a line of white foam. A dragon-fly darted past my face, and disappeared in the blue of the sky.

Pelanos Island—brown earth and olive trees—rose majestically out of the sea as the murky vapor lifted. The white pillars of a building flashed clean in the sunlight. I thought of an Aegean Island, temple-crowned; of Ithaca; and then of Sappho, ever young. It is a scene of beauty, I reflected, a home of truth; Socrates would not be poisoned there.

"What is that island with the building?" I asked a youthful soldier who was sauntering by.

"That?" he said. "They call it 'The Rock.' It is the military prison."

John Angus Burrell.

VERSE

Harry Hawker

So endlessly the gray-lipped sea
Kept me within his eye,
And lean he licked his hollow flanks
And followed up the sky.

I was the lark whose song was heard
When I was lost to sight,
I was the golden arrow loosed
To pierce the heart of night.

I fled the little earth, I climbed
Above the rising sun,
I met the morning in a blaze
Before my hour was gone.

I ran beyond the rim of space,
Its reins I flung aside,
Laughter was mine and mine was youth
And all my own was pride.

So endlessly the gray-lipped sea
Kept me within his eye
And lean he licked his hollow flanks
And followed up the sky.

From end to end I knew the way
I had no doubt nor fear
The minutes were a forfeit paid
To fetch the landfall near.

But all at once my heart I held,
My carol frozen died,
A white cloud laid her cheek to mine
And wove me to her side.

Her icy fingers clasped my flesh,
Her hair drooped in my face,
And up we fell and down we rose
And twisted into space.

So endlessly the gray-lipped sea
Kept me within his eye
And lean he licked his hollow flanks
And followed up the sky.

Laughter was mine and mine was youth,
I pressed the edge of life,
I kissed the sun and raced the wind,
I found immortal strife.

Out of myself I spent myself,
I lost the mortal share,
My grave is in the ashen plain,
My spirit in the air.

Goodbye, sweet pride of man that flew,
Sweet pain of man that bled,
I was the lark that spilled his heart,
The golden arrow sped.

So endlessly the gray-lipped sea
Kept me within his eye
And lean he licked his hollow flanks
And followed up the sky.

Francis Hackett.

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Books and Things

LONG before the war, in the old times, "much older than any history that is written in any book," he would sail from New York near the end of April, knowing well enough that this was too early a start, that it would land him in the Rhone Valley long before the climbing season could begin, when the merest twenty-franc mountain was inhospitable, when the low passes even were still deep in snow. But in Switzerland, for a few weeks before the arrival of summer, you can have what month you like by choosing your height above the sea, and he usually made his first halt wherever the bluest of gentians were at the top of their form. After a few days on these lower slopes his legs would always take him, no matter what other plan he had made, to the same high-lying village, where the peasants were friends too old to wonder any more at his coming to the Valais so early, and where for a fortnight or so no exercise was possible excepting walks that he could push a little higher day by day, as the snow went off. Even in dry valleys this is the season of abundant streams all over the place, of glissades that start small-scale avalanches down clefts through which in late summer the haymakers slide over clipped brittle grass under loads of hay.

He felt each year, as if he had never felt it before, the charm of these weeks of waiting for the mountains to clean house, to make themselves ready for the climber, to get rid of their seasonal snows in brooks and rivers, and in those loud avalanches which sound so dangerous and look so harmless, when you see them a mile or two away, like little clouds of white dust out coasting. In the evenings, if he tired of books and relief maps, he could find company enough along the village street, friends who seldom forgot nowadays whether it was North or South America that he came from, oldish men who remembered the days when there wasn't an iron roof in the valley, who liked to narrate the changes they had lived through, but who always answered any suggestion that further change was likely by disagreeing courteously, by repeating the decisive words, "ce n'est pas notre habitude." Any change excepting one, of course. All hands were certain that work on the electric railway up from the Rhone would begin next year, or the year after next, just as all were certain that the past winter had been for one reason or another altogether exceptional. He liked this talk, and he liked the stories told and the estimates of amateur climbers given by the guides, one of whom, famous for his temperance, had never touched brandy on his way up a mountain, and had for twenty years been saying "ça coupe les jambes" without making a convert.

Then some fine morning he would wake up in the early light to sounds which told him summer had come and the cattle were starting for the high pastures, two thousand feet or so higher than the village. Not until autumn came again could one hear all at once so many bells. By this he knew that the higher châlets were opening, that he could sleep the next night three thousand feet higher, where Innocente, in spite of her great age, would call him at no matter what early hour, give him coffee and cheese for breakfast, tell him as she did every year he came to Switzerland how pleasant it was to have a guest who didn't expect confort moderne in the mountains, and promise him a bottle of Yvorne for dinner that night. Long days would follow, days he spent in leisurely wandering along the foot of cliffs, with the smoothest glacier he knew underfoot and the safest, in which no crevasses were hid. He would look at familiar distances and their forgotten lines and planes, and wonder why no painter except Segantini had ever painted the high mountains as they look from a height of eight or nine thousand feet. Rainy days there were too, rather slow days, which he would have to spend indoors, listening sleepily while Innocente, who loved scandal, would tell him stories she had told him before, and he would comment with last year's air of surprise.

On none of these early and solitary walks did he meet danger or even fear, that not inferior substitute for danger. And although he envied those among his friends who had been scared only two or three times in the course of their mountaineering lives, he also felt that they had reason to envy him, that no one wholly loved the mountains who was never afraid of them. He liked to remember his first walk —a climb he had called it then—up and out of this valley, a walk on which for hour after hour he had heard voices calling and seen hands beckoning him to fall. They had set out early from Innocente's châlet, Marcel and he, and had made their way to the head of the gorge, when they made a sharp turn to the right, and he was in an unknown and improbable world. After an hour's struggle up perpendicular rocks, almost bare of handholds or footholds, they had squirmed through a crack and come out on a snow slope set on edge, a slippery roof leading up to a warped and crazy ridge-pole, no single yard of which was horizontal. Clutching the ridge-pole with both hands, when at last they had reached it, he had lain down and looked over. At the bottom of a wall, no more than eight or ten feet high, a steep slope of gray soft-looking shale began, a hundred feet or two of tricky shale and then the precipice. Marcel let himself down the wall and dropped upon the shale, which started toward the precipice, seemed to think better of it, and stopped. He had followed, not knowing any too well how, and what Marcel called their real walk had begun, hour after hour along the base of the wall, at the top of the shale slope, which slid and trembled at every step, which began at every step a thwarted rush toward the infinite.

It was these hours of fear that had given him his longing to learn the climbing game, to be at ease in places where his knees used to shake, to recover the old thrill by getting into new and tighter places. Therefore he had tried, year by year, to lessen the sickening bewilderment, never actual dizziness, that he felt at the edge of a thousand-foot drop; therefore he had taught his feet security in chimneys and along traverses and arêtes, had taught his fingers to know the difference between trustworthy and treacherous handholds. Much as he liked to be afraid, however, he was never sure whether this pleasure was keener than the other, the pleasure of revisiting spots where fear used to be and was no longer. Every year, before leaving his favorite valley for Ried or Zinal or Saas, he would repeat alone that first walk with Marcel, laughing at the self that used to be frightened there, stroking his present self the right way. Even the last and worst bit of that walk had changed from a knife-blade between precipices into a level path eighteen inches wide, where a man was as unlikely to fall as he was to fall off the state of Illinois. Perhaps the mountain he was to do next week, a seventy-franc mountain that he wasn't quite equal to, would some day look as easy in retrospect? And this, although he really knew better, was a reassuring thought.

P. L.

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The Antique World of Bliss

Far Away and Long Ago, by W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

NO writer of autobiography could give less of direct self-portraiture than does Hudson in the story of his boyhood in the Argentine; and there is in the book little or none of that placing of events in critical review which focuses many recollections and leaves them true neither to the past nor to their transient place in the present. A sequence of years is kept and reflections such as naturally come with memory have place, but episodes and picturings appear with freshness and are gone, like the events themselves or the keen moments when they are relieved. The House of the Twenty-five Ombu Trees where he was born and spent his first years is given as from a small boy's remembrance, and is left behind without a backward glance when the high wagon which carries the family fords the river and crosses the pampas to the plantation where he was to spend most of his youth. A shadowy glimpse of a young native murderer whom he sees bound in the great barn is drawn a child's grave picture, with none of the accumulation of question which later years would bring. Native and odd English characters appear untouched out of memory: Trigg and Father O'Keefe, the tutors; Don Gregorio Gandara, whose wailing, abruptly ended laugh the children always awaited and then stole out to imitate; Doña Pascuala of drastic humor, who hung the image of her patron saint head downward in a well because he let it rain too long; the pale, spritelike Anjelita riding about bareback.

Buenos Ayres is glimpsed, rich and thronged and medieval, a day's ride away. The turbulent fortunes of the Dictator Rosas were coming to an end, bringing snatches of action to the very door; and there are sharp scenes on neighboring estancias and in huts of the sheep herders. It was a romantic time and a romantic place to which Hudson returns, with the constant magic for him of natural sights and sounds on the plantation and the great pampas. The pampas stretched away unbroken for miles, green or yellow or rusty thistle-brown according to the season, flooded at a distance with lagoons in the cold season and cut by narrow streams. Here, a little boy not quite six, he was amazed and enchanted by his first sight of flamingoes; here from the time that he could manage a pony he rode for hours, following paths through the giant thistles, scattering deer and golden plover, meeting precariously with wild pigs, coming upon nests of the owl. Along the marshes he looked for eggs of the rarer water-birds and learned their wild notes. Once he rode into a flock of rheas, and he gives both the pausing delight of discovery and his odd childish sense of trickery as they remained feeding near him and then so easily eluded his touch with their doubling movement and quaint dancing trot. All through the book are heard the notes of birds, most often in concert, as when the purple cowbirds sang for hours in the rain, or great tropical flocks on the wing to the more southern summer of the Argentine paused in the orchards, brilliant and lovely in color, carpeting the ground as they fed, picturing as no other single fact the wild untouched character of the country.

Hudson has taken vivid remembrance as it came, setting down impressions of an outer world for the most part, yet his recollections seem in an intimate and final way self-revelation. It is not simply that there appears the passionate growth of his love for natural life, and particularly for birds, nor that the formative sources for much of his writing are revealed, though these are clearly present. The interwoven sense of the beauty of trees and of bird notes which makes the airy fabric of Green Mansions must have had its beginning on the fertile plantation of his boyhood; the naturalist who drew together the observations in Idle Days in Patagonia is close in character to the small boy who struggled up the trunk of a great peach-tree to peer into the nest of a pair of vultures and was happy for solitary hours riding about the plain. He must have heard in his youth such tales as those of El Ombu, The Piebald Horse, and Nino Diablo; certainly he came to know the character of the gauchos and rancheros and gained the sure understanding of aspects of the country which makes these stories so easily and compactly expressive; and none but a long observer of chance adventurings on the plains could keep these loosely composed within the broad picture as they are kept in The Purple Land. Scattered through the autobiography are records of impression, emotion, small scenes, which form a key to later expression. For the critic who likes to trace out the subtler sources of inspiration the book is an inviting complex of material.

But it gives its own pleasure; and its freshness and quiet return to a time long past seem significant of a perception or view deeply native to Hudson. In a prefatory passage he speaks of the unheralded way in which the events of these years unrolled before him as some hidden spring of memory was touched; nothing of the past is lost, he thinks, and the balance with which he is able to hold in long retrospect a boy's mind, a boy's will, the ease with which the most trifling events are given their special life are seal and token of his sensitive powers. But he has more than the gift of a memory which seems singularly pure; he keeps on the past a light and equable hold. So glamorous a world might easily have taken on a haunting quality, have become wistful, a dream of halcyon days. For Hudson it has a serene reality. It is not that Far Away and Long Ago is unbroken in mood. The book is a revery in which every sense is acute. It glances with humor. Few writers have a keener sense of swift and sudden climax in action than has Hudson, and action there was in plenty for him to see and even share. There are moments of intense revolt against cruelties of the gauchos. He knew tides of feeling when the natural world seemed to him strangely animate, and toward the end of his narrative he tells of a tormented period when, still in his youth, he thought that his delight in natural life belonged to his childhood and that he would outlive it. His story is immensely various.

But the beauty of that time, all its acute realization, seems to have remained with him imperishable and in a large way untroubling. Even when he speaks of the great change which has come to the Argentine, obliterating the scenes of which he writes, a change which is to him tragical, he shows nothing of nostalgia. "That enchanting part of the marsh, with its forest of miniature trees, where the social trupials sang and wove their nests and reared their young in company—that very spot is now, I daresay, one immense field of corn, lucerne, or flax, and the people who now live and labor there know nothing of its former beautiful inhabitants, nor have they ever seen or even heard of the purple-plumaged trupial, with its chestnut cap and its delicate trilling song. And when I recall those vanished scenes, those rushy and flowery meres, with their varied and multitudinous wild bird life—the cloud of shining wings, the joy unspeakable it was to me in those early days —I am glad to think that I shall never revisit them, that I shall finish my life thousands of miles removed from

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them, cherishing to the end in my heart the image of a beauty which has vanished from earth." A greater tragedy is voiced here, but it would be difficult to read disenchantment or the frequent modern note of regret into the passage or into the book.

Yet of all writers Hudson has taken as theme the fact of beauty glimpsed or known but forever lost: irrevocable or unattainable. This is the summation of the tragic phantasy of Green Mansions. The Purple Land is more than The Purple Land that England Lost; through the changing adventures run unrest and unfulfilment, and the tale ends abruptly as the final change comes. In The Crystal Age is embodied a world of beautiful attributes, but the story is made by the barrier which lies between this world and its mortal visitant. For the writing of one period at least this theme in one or another form seems to have been a constant preoccupation; and it is faintly present again in A Little Boy Lost. Perhaps the fear that his pleasure in the immediate world might pass thus found later imaginative focus; he shows himself a visionary. But even in these pieces he keeps possession of the spaces of earth. His vision is a penetration of reality, never an escape; in none of his writing is there that tense grasp, the passionate apprehension of the moment because it is fleeting which underlies the expression of Richard Jefferies, for example, the fear that even the keenest realization may fall short. Hudson lacks nothing in feeling—in Green Mansions emotion rises like a terrible soaring note—but his view has always the effect of interspaces and amplitude, even in his intensest moments, even when his scrutiny is turned to some tiny object.

The beauty upon which his imagination dwells in the more fanciful books must have had its origin in the vivid harmony of sound and light and color which he recalls in Far Away and Long Ago. Certainly something of the secret of his quality can be found there. His view seems part of the wide spaces of the pampas; it has the ease with which he took his childish adventures, an ease which is all keenness of perception and perfect coordination of faculties. In his long and solitary hours of freedom he learned the habit of quiet completion, and his first delight in the external world was fresh and full and untrammeled.

CONSTANCE MAYFIELD ROURKE.

Constitutional Government

The Government of the British Empire, by Edward Jenks. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

THE merit of whatever Mr. Jenks may choose to write is as clear as day; but like the day itself, there are varieties in his auspiciousness. This volume is conceived in what was one of his less happy moments. Not that it is without a real utility. A busy lawyer who wanted a rapid description of almost any institution of importance in the British system of government could find it in this volume with the certainty that it would be both accurate and happily phrased. But it represents a tendency in English political study which is, for the most part, fortunately obsolete. It is, that is to say, a purely static description which avoids an interpretation of a great governmental system at work, and is merely satisfied to collect, with assiduous ingenuity, a vast number of facts under their appropriate heading. One could imagine a rather bright candidate for a Ph.D. turning out just this sort of treatise, of course with the appropriate annotation, upon the government of Monaco or the republic of Andorra.

It raises, that is to say, a question about the writing of books on politics which has been too little discussed in America. An Englishman who wanted to acquaint himself with the workings of the governmental system under which he lived would assuredly have no lack of material. On constitutional law there is the epoch-making book of Professor Dicey. On the facts which lie behind that magic phrase there are the brilliant volumes of Hearn and Bagehot and Sir Sidney Low. On local government he can consult the two almost perfect volumes of Dr. Redlich. Mr. Lowell's vast analysis is an effort of a different kind; but it may be broadly said that it does on the grand scale what Mr. Jenks has essayed in a minor fashion. Nor need he stop there. On the technique of legislation distinguished experts like Lord Thring and Sir Courtenay Albert have summarized with generosity their unique experience. On colonial administration, on India, on the systems of taxation, ample provision has been made. Nor is England better off than France and Germany. Names like those of Esmein and Laband, Berthelémy and Otto Mayer, will be known to every student of political science. On almost every question of significance that can arise, it is possible to consult at least one monograph of competence and distinction. Nor are they, as a general rule, simply bare commentary, like Mr. Jenks's volume, upon the meagre statutes. Rather do they attempt their investiture in the living flesh and blood of historic experience. Esmein's incomparable treatise on French constitutional law, for example, is little less than a reasoned defence of republican democracy as a philosophic system in actual operation. It is impossible to read it without catching throughout the eager voice of the debates at hand, or without a renewal of that sense of deep truths finely uttered that one had on the first reading of Montesquieu or Rousseau.

America is less fortunate in this regard. Discussions of her governance have, for the most part, kept to the narrow path of court decision or legislative enactment. The method has been that here followed by Mr. Jenks. This officer has these powers. This institution is derived from this clause of the constitution, or is a conventional erection without actual legal validity. No effort is made to relate the system either to historic experience, on the one hand, or the philosophy of government on the other. Notable exceptions, indeed, exist to this generalization. There are volumes like Mr. Wilson's Congressional Government which even commentators like Bagehot would hardly have disowned. President Goodnow has written a treatise on American administrative law which has won deserved distinction. But when some half-dozen exceptions have been made, it remains true that the literature of American government is singularly inadequate to the importance of the subject. Even on the broad questions, the most philosophic analysis is that of de Toqueville and the most penetrating that of Lord Bryce; yet the one is more than eighty, the other more than thirty years old.

The root of this deficiency seems to be well illustrated in a book like this volume of Mr. Jenks. For, on the whole, it is broadly representative of what American writers have sought to accomplish. They have attempted simply to fill in the actual details of the legislation from which American institutions derive. Often, indeed, their books are models of accurate and judicious statement. The kind of work which men like Mr. Fairlie have done does not need to be done again. It yet remains broadly true that, in the highest sense of the word, students of American government have contracted the habit of shrinking from speculation. They

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do not ask the fundamental questions, and they do not relate their enquiries to the first principles of government. Lord Acton once termed the ponderous tomes of Von Holst the best materials in existence for the study of federalism; but no one has yet attempted to discover the meaning of the experience those volumes detail. Just as Mr. Jenks crams his volume with fact, and carefully leaves on one side those sudden flashes of brilliant insight some of his earlier books have taught us to expect, so, to adapt a phrase of a distinguished American, the average political scientist in this country seems to feel that all facts are born free and equal, and that injustice will result from the ascription of relative values.

It is the more regrettable a practice because the experience of constitutional government in America is perhaps the richest in the modern world. That of England perhaps goes deeper; yet it lacks the grandness of scale upon which the American experiment has been conducted. As things at present stand, a student of politics can learn far more from the interpretation of English experience simply because the field has been ploughed with so much more courage and insight. One of the main problems of America today, for example, is the theory of the separation of powers; yet upon its validity and value the student can find nothing better, beyond the merely formal analysis with its inevitable references to the Act of Settlement and the Place Bill and the mistake made by Montesquieu about the English constitution, than an apt phrase of a brilliant journalist to the effect that the separation of powers results in the confusion of powers. If he turns to France, with that same subject in mind, he will find at least three treatises of high distinction in which its problems are set in the back ground of political science. If he wishes to study the executive power in America, he is, despite the labors of Mr. Stanwood, as good as helpless; but, to turn once more to France, the studies of Barthelémy and Leyvet, to mention only the most prominent, will set him afloat upon a whole sea of boundless possibilities.

A reader of Mr. Jenks's book, who passed from it to one of the classic treatises, would feel that he had moved from the twilight into the upper air. Mr. Jenks, indeed, has the right on his side that comes from the attainment with accuracy of a low aim; but that is not an argument which holds good for the majority of American commentators. He can insist to his readers that he is doing no more than write an introduction which may lure them to investigate the claims of Bagehot and Sir Sidney Low, and the noble technique of such books as Dicey and Albert. We might, indeed, reply that a writer of Mr. Jenks's approved distinction is wasting his time upon the composition of text-books; that there are half a dozen volumes which do his task equally well. An American writer could not make his claim for the simple reason that the classic texts do not exist. Good elementary descriptions, indeed, we have in abundance; for there are but few American professors of government who do not feel in honor bound to proliferate their text-book. But the great treatises on American federalism, on the congressional system, on the presidency, on the constitution, these, to instance but a few, we are still awaiting.

To diagnose a disease is not to remedy it, nor does it imply that the roots of the trouble are known. Not a little, indeed, may be justly ascribed to the vicious doctorate system which takes a man at the very years when his mind is most capable of large ideas and eager width of vision, and cramps him into the narrow path of a petty discussion of a subject too often unworthy of his study. Something, too, is due to the horrid interpretation of originality as the study of something which has never been studied more than twice before. But there are assuredly deeper causes. In economies and psychology, in history and philosophy, even the depressing effect of the Ph.D. has been surmounted by able men. It is time that those whose business it is to take thought for the credit of American scholarship should examine its outlook in political science. Perhaps, also, it is worth suggesting that the needs of political literature make us increasingly doubtful whether Presidents ought to serve for a third term.

H. J. L.

A Mystic

Poems, by Rainer Maria Rilke, translated by Jessie Lamont with an Introduction by H. T. New York: Tobias A. Wright.

RAINER MARIA RILKE is an Austrian poet—one has now to say a German Austrian poet. He was once associated with Hugo von Hofmannsthal and Stefan George in a Viennese group that stood for a revolt against the naturalism of contemporary North German poetry.

Rilke's poetry is authentically a piece of the European imagination. Here are dimly-seen church towers; memories of knightly legends; illuminated books; the glowing fragments of classic sculptures. It is the mid-Europe of the aristocrat and the renunciant. The poems swing between memory and prayer; they are beautiful with the beauty of tangible and highly wrought things.

In reading the lyrical poems of his contemporary, von Hofmannsthal, one hears the music of instruments that might be played in some hidden, orgiastic life—the cymbals and the flute. In reading the poems of Rainer Maria Rilke one always hears the violin—a music deep and moving, sympathetic and subtle. This poet is a mystic, but his is not the mysticism that uplifts the heart in Protestant and agnostic countries. It is not aloof. It is a mysticism that sees its reflexes in cathedrals and paintings, in ceremonies and in sacraments, in the religious broodings of young girls; in the searching of monks. Perhaps the poet's final word is in the poem in The Book of Pilgrimage, where this lover of form, this master of form, wills the annihilation of form in his search for God:—

All those who seek Thee tempt Thee,
And those who find would bind Thee
To gesture and to form.

But I would comprehend Thee
As the wide earth unfolds Thee.
Thou growest with my maturity,
Thou Art in calm and storm.

I ask of Thee no vanity
To evidence and prove Thee.
Thou Wert in aeons old.

Perform no miracles for me.
But justify Thy laws to me
Which, as the years pass by me,
All soundlessly unfold.

These are the poems of a mystic for whom the visible world exists; who delights in plastic beauty and who can make his verses cameos. The English renderings almost destroy the sense of translation; they are so spontaneous that we are deluded into the belief that we are reading original poetry.

P. C.

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Bolshevism and the Soviets

Read

"STRUGGLING RUSSIA"

A New Weekly Magazine Devoted to Russian Problems

You have heard quite often that Bolshevism and Sovietism are not one and the same thing, and that the Soviets are old, democratic Russian institutions like the Mir and Zemstvo.

Read "Struggling Russia" and you will understand, first, that the Soviets are new institutions having nothing in common with the Mir and Zemstvo, and, second, as the article quoted below puts it, that "the Soviets have degenerated into narrow, bureaucratic class organizations, brazenly trampling upon all the rights of civil freedom."

Soviets Are Not Democratic Institutions

M. K. Eroshkin, Chairman of the Perm Committee of the Party of Socialists-Revolutionists and former member of the Provisional Government of the Ural, who came to this country with Catherine Breshkovsky, says:

"THE SOVIETS are not democratic institutions, but merely the dictatorship of the Bolsheviki.

"According to the Soviet Constitution, Russia is governed by Soviets of Deputies, elected by the secret, direct and equal vote of all the working masses. In fact, there never was either a secret election in Soviet Russia, or one based on equal suffrage. Elections are usually conducted at a given factory or foundry at open meetings, by the raising of hands, and always under the knowing eye of the chairman. The majority of the workers very frequently do not take any part in these elections at all. The rights of a minority are never recognized, as proportional representation has been rejected.

"The Bolsheviki have excluded from the Soviets all their political opponents. They 'cleansed' the Soviets in Perm and Ekaterinburg in January, 1918; in Ufa, Saratov, Samara, Kazan and Yaroslavl in December, 1917; in Moscow and Petrograd in February, 1918. They were excluding all Socialists-Revolutionists and the Mensheviki, to say nothing of the People's Socialists and members of the Labor Group. So, practically, there remained only Bolsheviki in the Soviets. And as there was no difference of opinion among them, regular meetings were soon abandoned altogether, and the ostensible 'rule of the working masses' thus definitely disappeared. A few persons, often appointed from above (the Bolsheviki often had recourse to bayonets to support the fiction of Soviet Rule: in Tumen the Executive Committee of a non-existent Soviet was brought from Ekaterinburg under a convoy of 800 Red Guards) would rule and lord it over the people, tired and weary of the war and a sterile social revolution."

(*"Struggling Russia," April* 5, 1919.)

Mir, Zemstvo and Soviet

Comparing the Soviets with the old Russian institutions —Mir and Zemstvo—*M. K. Eroshkin* says:

"Politically, the 'Mir' was a popular assembly of the holders of land lots in a village. The Zemstvos, after the March Revolution of 1917, were organs of the popular will, elected on the basis of universal, direct, equal, secret and proportional suffrage. The Soviets, according to the Soviet constitution, are class organizations, a dictatorship of the proletariat, elected by limited, indirect, unequal, open and not proportional suffrage, i. e., elections conducted in full disregard of all democratic and Socialist principles.

"The Soviets have degenerated into narrow, bureaucratic class organizations, brazenly trampling upon all the rights of civil freedom. Instead of liberty—license; instead of legality—lawlessness; instead of democracy—tyranny, and instead of social peace—civil war, assault, homicide and rivers of blood."

(*"Struggling Russia," April* 5, 1919.)

The Future of Democracy in Russia

The Soviets will not rule Russia. They will either disappear or remain as class organizations without any governmental functions. Formulating the programme of the Russian democracy struggling against Bolshevism, *Catherine Breshkovsky,* the "Grandmother of the Russian Revolution," sets down, among others, the following points:

1. The reëstablishment of municipal and rural (Zemstvo) self-government on the basis of the laws passed by the Russian Provisional Government.
2. The declaration as null and void of all the decrees of the Bolsheviki, with the adoption of a policy of gradual transition from conditions under their régime to the newly moulded forms, on the basis of temporary regulations to be ordained either by the future Provisional Government or by the Constituent Assembly.
3. The summoning in the briefest possible time of an All-Russian Constituent Assembly on the basis of the election law promulgated by the Provisional Government.

(*"Struggling Russia," April* 12, 1919.)

The first ten issues of the magazine contain articles by Catherine Breshkovsky, Nicholas Tchaikovsky, Alexander Kerensky, Leonid Andreiev, Paul Miliukov, Vladimir Bourtzev, C. M. Oberoucheff, Emanuel Aronsberg, M. K. Eroshkin, Vladimir Zenzinov, A. J. Sack and others.

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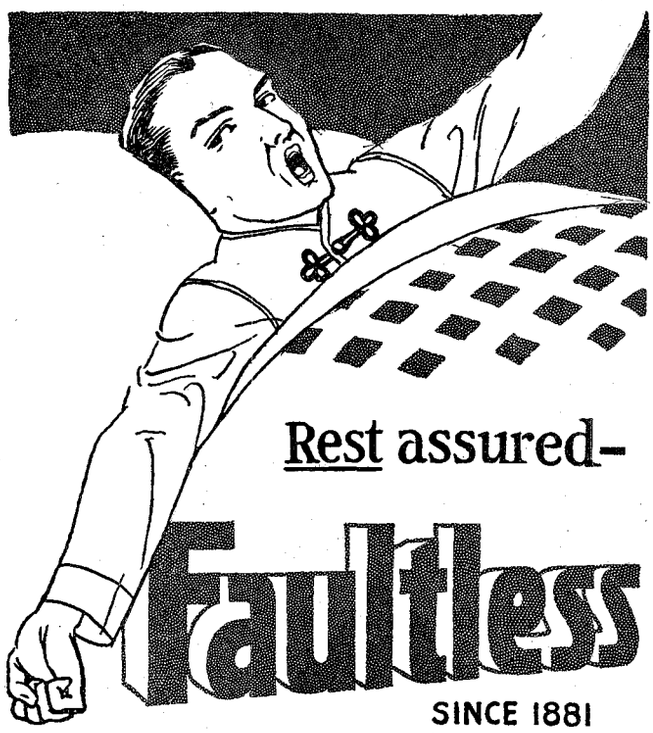

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Summer Reading

Christopher and Columbus, by the author of Elizabeth and Her German Garden. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.

THERE was a time when Elizabeth and Her German Garden lay displayed in gift-book covers on all the parlor tables in Iowa; doubtless it was replaced during the war by books less or at any rate more discreetly German. Its vogue was due not so much to its irony as to the delicate sentiment with which it surrounded the babies of April and May (and perhaps others perished from memory) and the light-hearted fashion in which Elizabeth passed her cloistral existence. The Pastor's wife had more iron in it and less good-humor, and was less successful. Perhaps the author has taken that matter too thoroughly to heart. Her latest book, Christopher and Columbus, is in the manner of sentimental farce. It contains all the elements that went to the making of Elizabeth, but with a vast disproportion of sticky sweetness that sugars off at the end in marriages.

There can be no objection to its craftsmanship. It set out to be gushingly, childishly clever, and it is. It set out to poke fun at the war-time attitude toward Germans in England and America, and it succeeds. It set out to be amusingly absurd in incident and character. It is amusingly absurd without fail. Whatever objection we may have must be based on the fact that it is obviously written to be a best-seller. The ambition sticks out all over it. It is deliberately and cunningly inferior to The Pastor's Wife.

The von Twinkler twins are half English and half Prussian. Their mother's death leaves them orphaned in England at the outbreak of the war, very young, very beautiful, but with Germanic faces and rolling r's. Suspicion centres on them, and their relatives, in a panic, ship them off to America to visit more or less mythical friends. On the boat, with bewitching naiveté, they attach themselves to Mr. Twist, a youngish, motherly, American millionaire inventor of teapots that will not drip on the cloth, and, when their friends fail to meet them, get him into trouble with his family, his acquaintances, and a goodly number of hotel managers, by requiring his protection. Anna-Felicitas marries a soldier, and Anna-Rose marries Mr. Twist. Such, baldly, is the story; and the names of Twist and von Twinkler indicate adequately the mood and method of its telling.

There is probably no delinquency, moral or aesthetic, in increasing the circulation of your novel by adjusting it to a lower sector of larger area in the intellectual pyramid. No class should be debarred for lack of understanding from participation in literature. It is merely disappointing that any artist should intentionally descend in the scale. And the highest praise that can be given Christopher and Columbus is that nothing has ever been better written for the class of fiction sometimes denoted by the publishers as summer reading.

M. A.

Contributors

H. N. BRAILSFORD, an English publicist and the author of several books on international affairs, The War of Steel and Gold, and other books. He fought in the Greek Foreign Legion in 1897. Was British Relief Agent in Macedonia in 1903-4, and a member of the Carnegie Com. in the Balkans in 1913. He has done much work in Turkey and the Balkans as a newspaper correspondent, usually for the Manchester Guardian.

WILLIAM HARD, a regular contributor to the New Republic.

EMERSON GRANT SUTCLIFFE, a graduate from Harvard and formerly a member of the English department at the University of Illinois; recently discharged from the army, where he was serving as a teacher of disabled soldiers.

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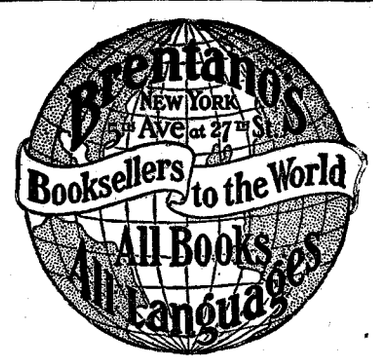

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